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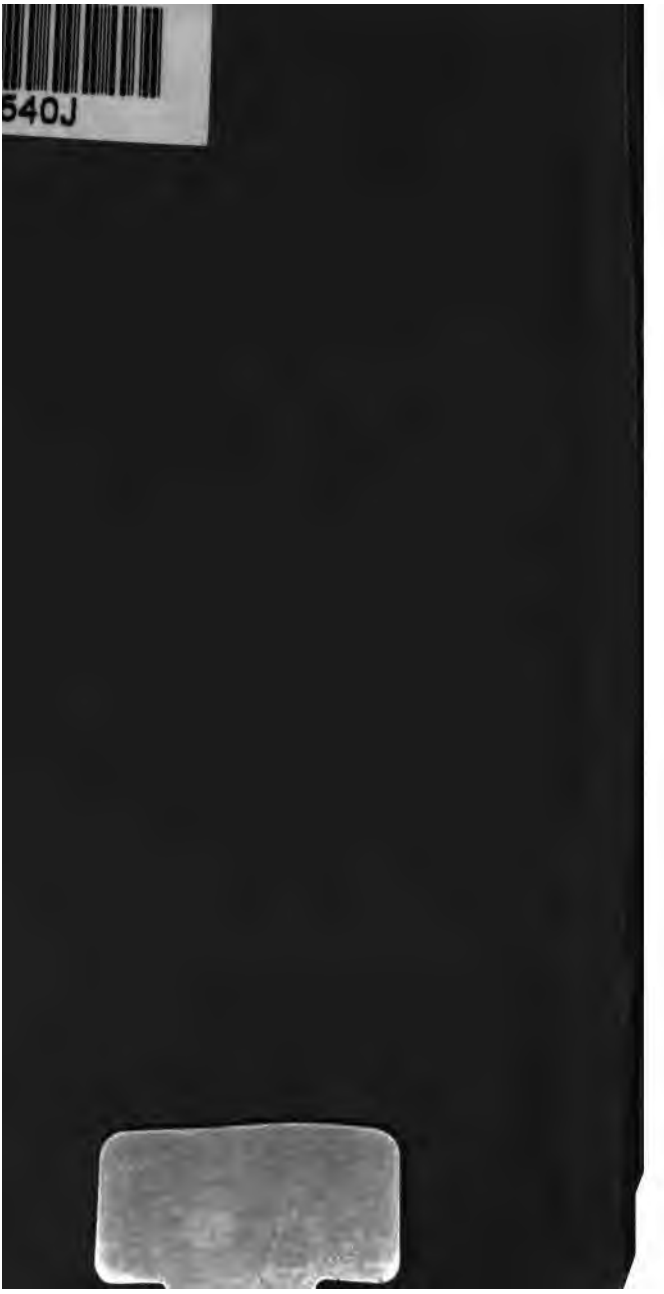
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THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

MEMORIALS

OF AN

INDIAN MISSIONARY;

OR, A MEMOIR OF

THE REV. MICHAEL WILKINSON,

MISSIONARY, C. M. S.

COMPILED BY A MEMBER OF HIS FAMILY, WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS PUBLISHED WORKS, LETTERS FROM NATIVE CONVERTS; AND AN

INTRODUCTION

BY

THE REV. ROBERT WHYTEHEAD, M. A.,

Author of "A Key to the Prayer Book," &c.

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PREFACE.

A FEW words of explanation appear to be called for upon one or two points connected with the publication of the accompanying Memorials.

It may seem to be a matter of surprise that so long a period has been allowed to elapse between the decease of the subject of these Memorials and their publication. The apology for this lies not merely in the protracted ill-health of the writer, but in the paucity of materials which he had in hand at the time of Mr. W's death, and which it has been the task of years to accumulate. These and other causes compelled him to delay his original intention, until it was thought that the immediate occasion had gone by which rendered their publication desirable. The manuscript was therefore laid by, or circulated only among the relatives and intimate friends of the family.

But the appalling insurrection which has of late broken out in our Indian Empire, and the increased attention which has thereby been elicited to everything relating to India, has materially altered the circumstances of the case. India, with its teeming population and all its varieties of race, religion, and habits; its politics and history, have been brought into a prominence hitherto unknown. And not only so, but the recent transfer of the reins of government (for such it may be called,) from the hands of the H. E. I. C. to those of our gracious Queen, acting directly through her appointed Secretary of State for India, has brought us, as a nation, into still closer bonds of relationship to our East Indian fellow-subjects, and our fellow Christians in that interesting land.

Now it has appeared to the writer, and to others whose opinions he values very highly, that there is enough of interest and instruction to be gleaned from the simple narrative which follows these lines, to engage the attention, if not of the public at large, at least of those, who, while they "profess and call themselves *Christians*," feel attracted as by a bond of sympathy and common interest, to the cause of Christ and His kingdom. For such any faithful record of the labours, trials, and successes of one of that honoured band, whose duty and privilege it is to carry to the heathen world the glad tidings of salvation through a crucified and risen Saviour, will claim its share of attention. Such is all the accompanying Memoir professes to be.

It is hoped that the indulgent eye of Christian philanthropy will not criticise too narrowly the numerous defects to which a compilation of so many years' growth, and under circumstances such as those mentioned, is liable. It is at least his earnest prayer that the character which it has been his labour of love to delineate, however feebly or imperfectly, may serve as an example to stimulate us all to a more hearty and entire surrender and devotion of ourselves to God in Christ. May it have the effect of animating us not merely to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling," but also to the blessed work of helping forward, each according to our opportunity and ability, the consummation of that delightful period, to which, as Christians, we must all be looking forward, when "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and all nations shall flow unto it," when war and superstition shall cease for ever, "and there shall be new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth *righteousness*."

M. J. W.

INTRODUCTION.

RELIGIOUS Biography has usually been a favourite study among serious and spiritually-minded Christians. It cannot be otherwise than interesting to contemplate the dealings of God with His children, to mark the course of His providence, and observe how they glorified Him in the walk of faith and holy obedience. Nor can such a study fail to be instructive to the humble believer in Jesus. Thus he is provoked to love and to good works by such examples of consistent piety;—he is stirred up afresh to shew the same diligence to the full assurance of hope to the end;—he is reminded of the apostle's precept,—"Not to be slothful, but followers *(imitators)* of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." (Heb. vi. 11, 12.)

reading. But when such works contain the elements of decided character and eminent piety, and are handled with competent judgment, candour, and ability, they can hardly fail to supply food for thought, and afford valuable help to a religious and godly life.

Religious Biography is especially important as exhibiting the Christian life—*the life of God in the soul*—not as developed in theory by the theologian in his study, but as displayed in actual reality, in the living subject. It is, in fact, a kind of experimental philosophy, the study of man and of mind,—the history of man as an immortal being, ruined by the fall, but redeemed and restored by Divine grace. It discovers the dealings of God with man in the regeneration and sanctification of the soul. We see the workings of the same Spirit, as modified by different phases of individual character in those who are the subjects of its operation. For we must never forget that all minds are not formed alike; nor can all be moulded into the same type of religious experience, without doing violence to nature, and injury to the work of grace.

Religious Biography is peculiarly valuable when it con-

sists, in a large proportion, of materials supplied by the subject of the history, such as *private journals and correspondence.* This autobiographic character gave such a charm to the precious memoirs of David Brainerd, Henry Martyn, Anne Judson, and many others whom we could name, whose lives are justly esteemed as some of the richest treasures of our Christian literature. In the letters written to friends, we have the spontaneous flow of thought, and development of purpose and principle, communicated without restraint; not got up for effect, or set off to advantage for the public eye, but presented in their native simplicity, poured out from one mind into another, as freely as the ideas suggested themselves. This is a peculiarity of religious biography, which adds greatly to its claims on the devout and diligent student of Christian truth.

But among all the varieties of religious life, there is none more interesting than the life of a *Missionary.* We do not allude to the external and adventitious interest arising from the narrative of exciting events, the exploration of distant countries, and the account of strange manners and habits of society among foreign and barbarous nations.

There is a far higher and more important interest attached to such works, when, as in the life of a Martyn or a Judson, we see before us a man of great mental energy and devoted spirit, battling nobly with difficulties, and braving dangers in the service of his Master. When we see the living example of a man who walked closely with God, and lived in the constant presence of his Saviour, and in sight of His cross; and that in circumstances of trial and isolation, which brought out into striking prominence the brightness and beauty, the power and excellence of Gospel grace and truth, in their effects on the heart and life. When we see such a man wholly given up to one absorbing object,—the design of winning souls to Christ, and sacrificing all lower aims and all wordly considerations to its determined pursuit, we have one of the most glorious examples which the world can afford of the reality and power of true religion. Such a study no wise man will lightly esteem, no real Christian will regard with coldness and indifference.

The writer of these introductory remarks hopes that the Memoir which he is about to place in the hands of the reader will furnish many lessons of great value to the

humble and devout Christian. The man of the world will probably put it aside as ordinary and common-place, because it is not adorned by any of that brilliancy of style, or distinguished by those extraordinary events, which sometimes, in Missionary Biography, have commanded the attention of the worldly, and called forth the admiration of the purely literary critic. But the loving child of God will have a different standard and measure of excellence and usefulness; and to such we now venture to recommend this unpretending narrative of the life of a truly devoted Missionary; while we call attention to a few of the most striking features of his character, and some of the most important lessons to be learned from his history.

1. We have here a striking instance of the *reflex influence of Missionary work*, in its blessed effects on those who are engaged in it, either at home or abroad. How many faithful servants of God have attributed their first warm and lively religious impressions to what they have heard at a Missionary meeting or sermon. But we have, in the Memoir before us, a somewhat novel exemplification of the

truth of that word of promise, "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." (Prov. xi. 25.) Mr. Wilkinson enlisted himself in the service of the Church Missionary Society, as the honorary secretary of a local association, at a time when, as he owns, he was very slightly, if at all, under the power of religious truth, and unacquainted with its spiritual nature and saving efficacy. He lent his willing hand to help forward the cause of God, and instead of being struck dead, as Uzzah was, for making a similar attempt, under the Law, he received new life from his contact with the ark of God, by the life-giving power of the Spirit, in the Gospel of Christ. While we cannot safely derive from such an unusual occurrence any justification of the conduct of those who would employ *worldly* instruments in purely *spiritual* work, and seek to promote the conversion of souls by means of unconverted agents; yet, surely, there cannot be found a more remarkable illustration of the blessedness of engaging in Missionary work;—when even he who does it ignorantly and unadvisedly, is thus found to have thereby received saving benefit for his own soul! Well did a pious

German Missionary once say, "If you want to be blessed, go and be a Missionary, or do Missionary work of some kind or other."

2. We may learn from this Memoir what is the character of a *good, serviceable, and substantially useful Missionary* of the Gospel. Mr. W. was eminently such—the true type of our English Missionary. The men who stood fast and firm on the heights of Inkermann, when swept by the artillery, and beset by the bayonets of thousands of Russians, were not a fairer representation of the solidity and stern resolution of British valour, than the whole life of Michael Wilkinson was of the true Missionary spirit. He was a man naturally qualified for the arduous work of missions, by great *physical energy and strength*, by sound health and unusual activity, both of body and mind. His was the "mens sana in corpore sano;" elements which contribute not a little, under God, to Missionary success. Witness his adroitness and agility in snatching a drawn sword out of the hand of a Mussulman fanatic, who was brandishing it over his head.

Mr. W. was also a *cheerful* man; a man of bright hopes and sunny prospects; not disposed to be always looking at the dark side of things, but walking by faith, and trusting that all will be well, even in the midst of difficulty and discouragement. This cheerful habit of mind was, no doubt, attributable, in part, to his clear views of Gospel truth. "Looking unto Jesus," with childlike confidence, he "*went on his way rejoicing*," and reflected in his countenance that calm sunshine of heavenly peace which beamed upon his heart.

He was eminently a *devoted* man, diligent and self-denying in his labours of love, and ready to quit his home, friends, and quiet retirement, even in his declining years, when the voice of God seemed to call him again to the Missionary field.

Nor less important to his usefulness was his *kindness* of spirit, his affectionate temper, his large and loving heart, which won the confidence of the natives with whom he came in contact, and attached them to his person, even before they were converted by his preaching.

Looking at his whole course, from the hour when he

engaged in the service of his Master, to the last day of his life, which he laid down as a sacrifice on the altar of the cross, we must acknowledge that he was indeed *a man of God*, about whom there was no mistake; sincere in spirit, sound in the faith, simple in habits, straightforward in action, pure in morals, persevering in every good work; in a word, "*an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.*"

It is true that Mr. W. was *not a learned man*, even though he laboured among a people, and in a country, where acuteness of intellect and metaphysical skill seem most requisite in the Missionary, and are most highly prized. Nor was he a man of brilliant talents, extraordinary eloquence, or consummate address. He was a plain and homely, though powerful preacher of the Gospel;—a godly labourer for Christ;—one who loved his Master and His message, and the souls of his fellow men, whom Jesus died to save. His knowledge was *the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus*;—his eloquence was the eloquence of a heart that was running over with love. Such preachers, we believe, make the best Missionaries. *Such men we want for India* at the present day. First-rate men, in point of talent and

acquirements, cannot always be had, and cannot always be trusted when they offer themselves. We do not undervalue human qualifications and mental endowments, but we long for an effusion of the purely Evangelistic spirit—the "*spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.*" We want a spiritual reproduction of the fishermen of Galilee,—the Andrews and Peters, the Jameses and Johns, of the Apostolic age;—men baptized with the Apostolic fire, and going forth to convert the nations in the strength of that prophetic declaration, which is as fresh now as it was on the day of Pentecost; "*Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.*" (Zech. iv. 6.)

Mr. W. was a man of *truly Apostolic* character. An eminently holy and distinguished minister of Christ, who knew him well, and had deep insight into human nature, once said eloquently of him, "In him one seemed to behold a man robed in the cloak which Paul left at Troas with Carpus, and whose feet were dusty with Apostolic labour."

We do not wish to represent Mr. W. as a perfect character, — one that was without faults. He may have committed some errors in judgment; but, we believe, he

never swerved from his Christian principles, or faltered in his purpose. His heart *was wholly for God.* He was unmindful, nay, even forgetful of *self.* He was somewhat regardless about his personal appearance, and indifferent as to what people would *think* of him. He laboured to approve himself to God alone; and he laboured much, because he loved much. He had great *delight* in his work. It was quite a passion with him. And, as a spiritual consequence of that devotedness of heart, he had no morbid doubts or fears about his own acceptance in the Beloved. "The joy of the Lord was his strength," as it ordinarily is with those who give up all for Christ. This joy we have traced before to the simplicity of his *faith,* but it is equally scriptural to regard it as the *fruit of loving obedience.* (Isai. xxxii. 17.) Those who work most diligently, and with most singleness of heart, for God, have usually the most joy in God. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich" in the comforts of religion, as well as in its fruits.

3. We may learn from this narrative the value of *practical wisdom* in those who undertake Missionary enter-

prizes. The Church has witnessed, in recent lamentable failures by men of devoted piety, distinguished zeal, and unsparing self-sacrifice, the mischiefs to be apprehended from headlong and inconsiderate adventures, without any sufficient equipment of personal fitness, or prudent provision for future contingencies. Such lessons should not be thrown away. We should be thankful for the wise and watchful superintendence of an experienced Committee, which, while it extends its paternal care over all its Missionary agents, is ready to restrain all rash and incautious projects; and knows when to draw in the rein, as well as when to throw it loose on the neck of the willing steed.

In the history before us we may see instances of each kind of action, as we believe, wisely exercised in either case, whether of restraint or encouragement. Mr. W's mind was *thoughtful* and *originating*. Though cautious and considerate, he was provident for the future, and not content to live from hand to mouth, but looked onward to futurity, and formed bold and extensive schemes for the temporal as well as spiritual advantage of the Indo-Christian community. Foremost among these was his *agricultural*

settlement at Gorruckpore, for the employment of native Christian converts; a plan which proved, to a considerable degree, successful, and which, we hope will continue, in better times yet to come, to yield more and more abundant fruit. The practical sagacity which suggested this scheme is worthy of all commendation, as exhibited at a time when such forethought was rarely found in connection with the Missions of the Church of England. In this respect we may imitate with advantage, to a certain extent, the worldly wisdom of those who founded the early monasteries, and thus became the promoters of civilization and settled life among the wild and warlike tribes of Europe. It is not enough to teach the native converts the truths of Christianity; we must train them to practise its virtues, to cultivate Christian habits and manners,—neatness, order, and industry. They are children, and we must educate them, and thus help them to help themselves. Christianity will never support itself permanently as a national institution, and pervade national life, without this preparatory training, and practical instruction. Here then we see the practical wisdom of Mr. W's. arrangements, and his pa-

rental forethought for the infant community entrusted to his care.

4. We may also notice, in the following narrative, the evidence given of his vigilance in watching for fresh *opportunities of doing good*, and promptitude in improving them. No open door escaped his observing eye; and considerations of ease, interest, and outward appearance were immediately and resolutely put aside, and made to give place to the paramount object of serving Christ. Thus when he had to make choice of a vessel in which he was about to make a voyage for the sake of restoring his health, we find that he fixed upon a ship to sail in, not where he had the best prospect of being *comfortable*, but in which he thought he could do the *most good*. Again, we must not overlook his constant *diligence* in doing good, wherever he happened to be. When on board ship, he learned that a party of Thugs were being conveyed as prisoners in the same vessel with himself. He lost no time in getting into communication with them, and by his frank and fearless bearing, as well as by his kind and Christian compassion

for their miserable state, he soon won their confidence, and obtained a hearing for his Master's message of mercy. Hence, like his blessed Lord, he was ever "*going about doing good—for God was with him.*"

5. Let us learn, from this history, to *expect much* from God, and not to limit the operations of the Holy Spirit, as is sometimes done, from a mistaken view of unfulfilled Prophecy. *God's purposes were never designed to be the rule of our exertions.* But our exertions are utterly powerless, except so far as they rest on the *promises of Divine assistance.* They, therefore, who look only for a limited and scanty measure of help from God, under the present dispensation, cannot reasonably attempt any great work for him, nor will they ordinarily succeed in it, if they do so. But why should we circumscribe the gracious operations of the Almighty in the hearts of men? Is there anything in his Word to discourage our most enlarged expectations? Has he not said, "*I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh?*" And does not the voice of his Providence call us to rise to the level of our privileges as Christians, and our responsi-

bility as witnesses for Christ. The recent movement in America is one which cannot wisely be made light of, or treated with suspicion and distrust. That it is indeed a Divine work, may well be augured from the acknowledged fact, that there has been *so little of man in it, and so much of God;*—so little of preaching, and so much of prayer;—so little of outward manifestation and excitement, and so much of spontaneous, united action and permanently beneficial effects. Is there not much in all this to encourage us to expect great things from God, to believe great things, to seek great things, and to attempt great things? Is not the Lord gone out before us? Why should we limit the arm of Omnipotence? We believe in the Holy Ghost; who has a right to say that the Spirit will not be poured out upon us, as it was upon the Apostolic Church, in answer to united, believing, persevering prayer?* Mr. Wilkinson

* An eloquent and impressive writer thus powerfully urges the efficacy of faith in the operations of the Holy Spirit, as sufficient to meet all the wants of the Church of Christ. "In this age of faith in the natural, and disinclination to the supernatural, we want especially to meet the whole world with this *credo*, "I belive in the Holy Ghost." I expect to see saints as lovely as any that are written of

was a man who expected great things from God, and honoured the work of the Holy Spirit in his ministerial and missionary labours; and though he did not witness any

in the Scriptures,—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see Preachers as powerful to set forth Christ evidently crucified, before the eyes of men, as powerful to pierce the conscience, to persuade, to convince, to convert, as any that ever shook the multitudes of Jerusalem, or Corinth, or Rome,—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see Churches, the members of which shall be severally endued with spiritual gifts, and every one moving in spiritual activity, animating and edifying one another, commending themselves to the conscience of the world by their good works, commending their Saviour to it by a heart-engaging testimony,—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see villages where all the respectable people are now opposed to religion, the proprietor ungodly, the nominal Pastor worldly, all that take a lead set against living Christianity,—to see such villages summoned, disturbed, divided, and then reunited by the subduing of the whole population to Christ,—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect to see cities swept from end to end, their manners elevated, their commerce purified, their politics Christianized, their criminal population reformed, their poor made to feel that they dwell amongst brethren, righteousness in the streets, peace in the homes, an altar at every fire-side,—because I believe in the Holy Ghost. I expect the world to be overflowed with the knowledge of God, the day to come when no man shall need to say to his neighbour, 'Know thou the Lord;' but when all shall know Him, 'from the least unto the greatest;' East and West, North and South uniting to praise the name of the one God, and the one Mediator,—because I believe in the Holy Ghost."—"*The Tongue of Fire*," by the Rev. W. Arthur. pp. 315, 316.

remarkable outpouring of the Spirit's influence, his hopes were not disappointed, for he saw the Lord's work prospering greatly in his hands.

6. But we must not fail to draw another lesson from this instructive history, namely, the necessity of *submission to the Divine sovereignty*. The closing scene of Mr. W's eventful life strikingly illustrates this solemn truth. We might have supposed that God had some special work for his devoted servant to perform, in sending him forth a second time to India in his old age, not as a labourer hired at the eleventh hour, but one who had borne the burden and heat of the day. And we cannot doubt that Mr. Wilkinson's mission to Simlah and the hills is yet destined to bear fruit, though it must be acknowledged that, as regarded outward results, his last Missionary enterprize was a comparative failure. There is a mystery in the Divine procedure which we cannot fathom. "Be still," he says, "and know that I am God."—"He giveth no account of his matters" to short-sighted mortals. It is indeed painful to us to contemplate a faithful soldier of the cross, like Mr. W., whose

earlier path was ever in the bright sunshine, at the close of his course, enveloped by dark clouds, encountered by obloquy and slander, and even his good evil spoken of by mistaken friends and designing enemies. This is, indeed, very humiliating. But it is a lesson which we have all much need to learn,—submission, childlike, unquestioning submission to our Heavenly Father's will. This world is not our rest, nor our place of reward. We have seen this truth illustrated in the history of some of the most useful and eminent of the servants of Christ. The man who was the instrument of one of the most glorious spiritual revivals which the Church of Christ has witnessed since her birth-day at Pentecost, was driven from his pulpit and his parish, the scene of his spiritual triumphs, by a large majority of the members of his own congregation!—But we have no reason to doubt that in Mr. W's case, as well as in that of President Edwards, the Master's smile ever rested upon his servant. There was no change in his principles—he was the same man throughout. And there was no change in the favour with which his God regarded him. He walked before God uprightly all his days, and

when called suddenly to "come up higher," he received the welcome salutation, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

R. W.

York, March 14, 1859.

MEMORIALS OF AN INDIAN MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER I.

Early Life.

THE Rev. Michael Wilkinson, though perhaps unknown beyond the sphere of his own peculiar labours, occupied for no inconsiderable period a prominent post in the ranks of Missionary enterprise. The narrative of his life and operations, not only forms an interesting chapter in that department of Church History, but may also furnish many important lessons for the instruction and encouragement of all whose aim it is to devote themselves to the service of the Lord,—whether at home, or abroad; as ministers, or as private Christians.

Born at the close of the last century, (March 6th, 1797,) at a time when men's minds were beginning to

awake from the stagnation, moral and mental, into which they had relapsed after the great civil and religious struggles of the 16th and 17th centuries,—the subject of these memoirs appears to have early imbibed, if not inherited, that energy and determination of character, which was the distinguishing feature of the times and of his own life. These important features of his mind were probably nurtured and developed by the circumstances of his birth and family. *He was early cast upon his own resources*, with little to expect from the assistance, or influence of friends. It was indeed frequently reverted to by himself as a cause of thankfulness, that his parents, although respectable and in tolerably easy circumstances, were not among those who abound in the good things of this life.

It was owing partly to this cause, and partly to the fact of his having early lost his father, that the education he received, when a boy, appears to have been somewhat scanty, even for those days, when its acquisition was far less accessible than at present. Aided, however, by a naturally quick and observing disposition, it was quite sufficient to qualify him for that station in life to which it had pleased God to call him in the first instance.

He was the youngest of three sons, John, James, and Michael. His native place was Ipswich, the ancient

and romantically situated chief town of Suffolk, where he attended a day-school in the neighbourhood of his residence. He does not appear to have been particularly industrious, though anything but an idle or indolent boy. He had, however, little difficulty in keeping pace with most of his class-fellows, and though far more fond of out-door sports, more ambitious of excelling in bodily than in mental exercises, and the first in any feat of daring or boyish mischief; he was not what is generally understood by "a bad boy." He was indeed somewhat impetuous, and at times hasty in resenting an act of injustice or oppression, whoever might be the author of it; nevertheless, by all contemporaneous accounts, he was not less regarded by his masters, than beloved by his companions. Some thirteen or fourteen years of his life had thus passed by, when he was removed from his native town, and from the watchful eye of an anxious mother, to enter upon the more active duties and struggles of the great battle of life.

Hitherto a serious thought on the subject of religion had seldom or never entered his mind. Indeed, the opportunities of being instructed in the things that make for our peace, at that time sufficiently scanty in all places, were peculiarly so at the place of his birth, and its immediate vicinity. Nor was his own family more favoured than the generality, at the period refer-

red to. A general external regard for religion, "in its proper place," with a weekly visit, or so, to the parish church, and a tolerably uniform adherence to the chief duties of social morality, constituted a man, and especially a youth in those days, an orthodox Churchman, if not a religious character,—this was probably the utmost that young W. had enjoyed, in respect of religious advantages under his parental roof. Being the youngest of the three sons, of whom the eldest appears to have been a thoughtless youth, and the second, although a pious young man, had, by joining a denomination of the Dissenting community, lost much of the influence he would otherwise have exercised, Michael Wilkinson was now cast into society in which there was little probability that his religious principles would be either elevated or confirmed.

The person, into whose employ he now entered, was a respectable member of the mercantile community of Harwich, then, (as of late,) in consequence of the Continental war, a rising commercial sea-port. Here then he was kindly received by his employer, and soon became a favourite inmate of the family. It appeared moreover that he possessed more than ordinary talents for business, and as his employer had but little taste for it himself, young W's active persevering habits, and the strictly upright principles he had imbibed from his loved and respected mother,

soon gave him the real, if not nominal control of a daily increasing business. At this time he was not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age. His companions were young men, for the most part older than himself, but to none did he yield the palm whether of bodily or mental endowments. It was however the former that still claimed the largest share of his leisure moments. He retained his love for them through life, and many are the feats of hardihood, agility, and boyish fun, which in his own cheerful way he would relate in after years with ill-concealed feelings of pride, and fond retrospect. On one of these occasions, he laid a wager that he would swim across the mouth of the river Orwell, which at Harwich, must be a mile or more in width, to Landguard Fort on the opposite shore, and won his wager.

The writer well remembers Mr. W. somewhat shocking the gravity and sense of propriety of a reverend brother, when they were passing a certain place of custody, not far from H., by pointing to it, and exclaiming, "Ah! I had to pass a night there for one of my mad freaks on the 5th of November." The then Mayor of H. could probably tell rather a ludicrous tale about this matter, if his sense of official dignity could encounter the recital.

All this was but the effervescence of redundant animal spirits, and seldom exceeded rational bounds.

It was much to habits of constant out-door exercise, such as plunging from a height into the sea and regularly bathing therein at all seasons of the year, he was wont to attribute a large measure of that strength of constitution which carried him, under God, through all the fatigue and vexation in a tropical climate, which he afterwards underwent. Nor should it be imagined that he "ran" to any great "excess of riot," for he would often recur in after years, with feelings of thankfulness to the distinguishing grace and watchful Providence, that, amidst all the scenes of thoughtlessness and frivolity of his early life, preserved him from falling into those sinful lusts to which young men of those days were more especially exposed, and which blighted the prospects of many, whose superior advantages may have given promise of a brighter career.

It was in the midst of a course of life, which, but for God's restraining grace, might have led to similar results that young Wilkinson was suddenly arrested in the following remarkable manner. It strikingly illustrates the special Providence which was evidently preparing him to be a "chosen vessel of mercy" to those "lying in darkness and in the shadow of death." A pious lady, a connection of his, who was at that time on a visit to Harwich, and who took a peculiar interest in the subject of Missions,—which were then

only beginning to gain their present firm hold on the attention of the public,—being desirous of establishing an association in connection with the Church Missionary Society in H., applied to the subject of these memoirs, then a young man of eighteen or nineteen, to collect subscriptions on behalf of that Society. Such an idea had never before entered his mind, if indeed he had even heard of the existence of that Society. Still as it had been proposed to him, the novelty of the idea, and perhaps a desire to please his fair relative induced him to agree to do what he could to further the proposed scheme. Accordingly, to work he set amongst his companions. He met, as might have been anticipated, with little encouragement among them, and if raillery could have deterred him, the undertaking would have been nipped in the bud. But this was not the effect which such treatment had upon the ardent and energetic temperament of Michael Wilkinson. Naturally impatient of restraint, and possessing a fair share of our national obstinate persistency in any proposed enterprise, the more he was opposed, so much the more resolute was he not to be daunted or overcome. He accordingly paid a visit to the incumbent of the parish, and with some difficulty succeeded in obtaining his permission to commence canvassing his parishioners for contributions. This proved the turn-

ing point in his history. He met with more success than he had anticipated,—this encouraged him to persevere, and before long, having persuaded one or two of his former, and some new friends, to join him, an association was formed, of which he undertook to be the secretary.

Here then an entirely new field of usefulness was opening up before him, and the path pointed to something nobler and more elevating than any pursuit in which he had hitherto engaged. As secretary to an Association, he began to receive the Monthly and Quarterly Papers and Records of the Society's proceedings, containing as they do most interesting extracts from the journals of the missionaries. The perusal of these gradually opened his mind to the real importance of the subject, and this, together with a correspondence which he now commenced with Mrs. S. (the lady above referred to,) proved instrumental, in God's hands, in awakening him to a sense, *at once*, of his own eternal interests, and also of the spiritual destitution of the myriads of the heathen world. But the particular incident to which he always referred as being that which decided his future history, was his being called upon, as secretary, to convene meetings for the furtherance of the proposed object. It at once occurred to him, and others whom he consulted, that these meetings should be opened

with prayer; and it was thought advisable that a form of prayer should be drawn up for the occasion. This naturally devolved upon the secretary, in the absence of any clerical member of the Association; and it was the consideration of the solemn nature of such a duty, and its fearful inconsistency with the careless, worldly life he had hitherto been leading, which, by God's blessing, proved the crisis of his career.

There is now no means of tracing all the various links in the chain of circumstances, or the workings of the inner man, by which he was thus gradually led to higher and nobler aims, and a wider sphere of action and usefulness. In the peculiar position in which he found himself, there were few, if any, at hand, to whom he could freely unburden his mind, or who would in all probability have been able to enter into his altered state of feeling, much less to further him in running "the race that was set before him." Vital religion was, as has been observed, at a very low ebb at that time, and especially in that particular neighbourhood. He must have felt it "a dry and thirsty land," where everything was calculated to draw him down to his former low standard, while his own views of spiritual truth were doubtless very imperfect. It must be remembered too that the means and opportunities of communication with friends was not then, especially to one of limited means, what

they now are. In short, he doubtless felt, that while he had by a remarkable combination of events been, as it were, *forced* into the position of a leader in a noble work, a teacher of those less advanced in spiritual things, he had himself "need that one should teach him again which be the first principles of the oracles of God." Like the man born blind, who had been suddenly restored to sight by the wonder-working touch of Jesus of Nazareth, all he could say was that "Whereas I was blind now I see." And like Saul of Tarsus, the scales having dropped from his eyes, he must have felt that the energies of his mind needed both a wider field, and a far different atmosphere than that with which he was surrounded, for their right developement and cultivation.

But whatever may have been the peculiar mode of the Spirit's operations with him, in the expressive language of Scripture, he at length "came to himself," and "having put his hand to the plough," he was enabled, by Divine grace, to persevere unto the end; in fact, as far as man can judge, he had become a changed character: the chief object of his life, the course and current of his inclinations were altered, and therefore he determined, as soon as possible, to extricate himself from his present position, so unfavourable to all growth in grace. But a difficulty here presented itself.—His stipulated time of engagement with his

employer had not yet expired, and would not in the ordinary course for some years. He was not disposed however to anticipate the leadings of Providence, by any direct efforts to dissolve his engagement, —a course which he always severely reprobated, whenever an instance occurred within his observation in after life,—observing, as he was wont, that we are bound to serve God "in that state of life to which it has pleased Him to call us," until His providence distinctly and unmistakeably calls us out of it. Moreover, he was now occupying an influential post in the employ of a kind master, who had shown by the confidence he reposed in him how highly he appreciated his services. He resolved therefore "to leave the matter in God's hands," and to wait His time and direction. It was not long before He in whose hands are the hearts of all men, opened the way for his youthful servant.

His master had observed for some time that he had not been so cheerful of late as he was wont to be; and one evening, as he was engaged in his business, came in unexpectedly, and very kindly questioned him as to the cause of his dejection, promising to do all in his power to remove any source of unpleasantness. Finding however, after repeated inquiries, that he was reluctant to reveal to "a stranger" the ground of his "heart's bitterness;" and that his change of

feelings had not arisen from, and therefore could not be removed by any mere change in his temporal circumstances, while in his present situation, his master generously consented to free him from his engagements without any compensation, and to leave him at liberty to follow the bent of his altered inclinations.

His first impulse, on finding himself for once his own master, was naturally to pay a visit to his native town and his fondly attached mother, who since his leaving home had formed a second engagement in marriage with Mr. John Chamberlain, a relative of the lady who was instrumental in his conversion. While here, he accepted an invitation to spend a short time with this lady, then residing at Colchester. At this place he had the privilege of attending the ministry of the Rev. William, afterwards Dr. Marsh, then Vicar of St. Peter's. Shortly after, and probably with the advice of his new friends, he went to London, to seek again for employment, until his way might be still more clearly pointed out.

It was not long before he entered the establishment of Mr. J. Hagger. The family were Dissenters, but he became daily more confirmed in his attachment to the Church, of which he ever remained a faithful and conscientious member, though bidding God speed to "all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth." He had not been more than a year or two in

his new situation, during which he appears to have seized every opportunity for cultivating his mind, when, after mature deliberation, he decided upon offering himself for missionary labour to the Church Missionary Society. After the customary examination and probation, he was accepted, and consigned, with some other young men, ("of whom some remain to this present day,* and some are fallen asleep,") to the care of the Rev. H. Gauntlett of Olney, the well-known author of an "Exposition of the Book of Revelation," and at that time the zealous and able agent of the Society, to whom was intrusted the solemn charge of preparing young men for the missionary career. This was in the year 1819 or 1820, about eight years before the "Church Missionary Training Institution," at Islington, was established.

* Among these are the Rev. W. Adley, for many years an indefatigable Missionary of the Society in Ceylon; and the Rev. J. Raban, formerly Missionary of the Society at Sierra Leone, who has entered into his rest since these pages were first sent to the press; and also the Rev. R. Barker, Vicar of Pagham, Sussex, and Rural Dean. One of the latter is the Rev. Isaac Wilson, who was at first sent to the Madras Mission, where he lost his first wife, formerly Miss E. Hill, of Olney. He subsequently went to Calcutta, and married Miss Cook, the devoted originator of Native Female Education in India, in the year 1827.

CHAPTER II.

The Student.

WITH the interesting and important period to which the close of the previous chapter introduced us, may be said to have commenced the introduction of Mr. W's Missionary life. The following extracts from a communication with which the writer has been recently favoured, from the Rev. J. Raban, abovementioned, as one of his fellow-students at Olney, and with whom he lived for some time in sweet intercourse, will serve to illustrate the foregoing remark.

Mr. R. writes, "My acquaintance with my dear friend commenced somewhere about the year 1820. In August of that year I went to reside under the roof of my venerated tutor, the Rev. Henry Gauntlett, Vicar of Olney. We were fellow-students there for about two years. From the first I received great kindness from Mr. Wilkinson, and often were the cares of study lightened by his good-natured help, and cheerful and pleasant disposition. After some

time, Mr. Adley, another fellow-student, (since the Rev. W. A., for many years Missionary to Ceylon,) and myself slept in another house, hired by our tutor; and this, in some degree, lessened the frequency of my intercourse with Mr. W., though we still had our meals, and attended instruction together; associating moreover, not unfrequently, in our recreation." They appear, in fact, to have pursued much the same course of life as that to which the writer still looks back with the most pleasing reminiscences during the short period he was an inmate of the Church Missionary College at Islington.

After mentioning a third fellow-student, Mr. Wilson, above alluded to, with whom having been associated longer, Mr. W. was peculiarly intimate, Mr. R. proceeds, "One of the most pleasing recollections of the connexion between Mr. W. and myself, is that of our being associated in the preparatory work of holding a weekly cottage lecture at Warrington, a hamlet about one and a half miles from Olney. The walk to and from the cottage was frequently enlivened by cheerful and profitable conversation; and the kindness with which the simple people received us, and listened to a plain exposition of a Scripture portion, accompanied by prayer and singing, proved an encouragement to us in our humble labours. Often when we had gone with somewhat dejected mind, did we return refreshed and

strengthened by these exercises. The thankfulness of the cottagers for the means of grace, (which they valued the more on account of their distance from the church, could not be doubted: and sometimes a gentle word of approbation was uttered, the sincerity of which their whole conduct evinced."

Referring to a similar exercise held by the two student friends at the parish workhouse, the writer adds, "Mr. W. took the larger share of this duty, and he seemed to use much care in preparing for it;" and subjoins a remark, to which the writer of this sketch can add his testimony, viz., that "Mr. W. doubtless derived considerable advantage in the labours of succeeding years, from the habit of giving these extemporaneous addresses." It must not be supposed that these labours of love were allowed to interfere with his more immediate duty of preparing, by study and reading, for the work of the ministry. On the contrary, it appears from the following extract, that they were merely subsidiary to this, the first duty of every youthful student. "His attention to classics and other branches of study was very close, and his proficiency, I believe, especially in Hebrew and Greek, very creditable; in which he appeared to take particular delight: and while searching into the meaning of Scripture, the pleasure which the sacred originals opened to his mind was warmly appreciated. A more

diligent student, yet joining diligence to a proper regard for health, could hardly be found."

The following extract is fully confirmed by a recent visit of the writer to Olney and the neighbourhood. "Mr. W. gave considerable time to the visitation of the sick and poor. Many among the humble cottagers of Olney esteemed him much, and long was the memory of his kindness cherished. Several, perhaps most of them, have passed away from this state of trial, and doubtless have welcomed him into that far more glorious state, which is prepared for the redeemed of the Lord."

The above are almost the only particulars of general interest which the writer has been able to collect of the period of Mr. W's preparatory course. But taken in connection with the verbal and repeated testimonies of friends still surviving in the neighbourhood and elsewhere, and coupled with the terms of tender and affectionate regard with which family associations have ever recalled the revered name of Henry Gauntlett,—they afford abundant evidence, not only of the watchful and judicious care exercised over his pupils by the friend of Newton, Legh Richmond, and Frey, but also clearly show that this was not the least useful period of Mr. W's life.

During the latter part of his stay in this neighbourhood, he was engaged in the tuition of three of the

sons of the Rev. Legh Richmond, to whom he was warmly attached, and in the vicinity of whose residence at Turvey he appears to have taken lodgings, with this object. A friend, the present active and benevolent Squire of the parish,* who was himself one of his pupils, well remembers Mr. W., and retains, after an interval of more than thirty years, an affectionate regard for his memory and early instructions.

The succeeding extract, the last which we can produce from Mr. R's communication, will conclude the brief outline of this part of our memoirs. "On the occasion of his leaving Olney to enter on the work of a missionary in India, he (Mr. W.,) preached from Acts xx. 24. His selection of this text† may intimate how well he had weighed the trials of various kinds which are inseparable from the work of a Missionary to the heathen, and understood the source from which alone adequate support and consolation under them all can be derived. A public meeting was likewise held, at which he was briefly addressed by his tutor, and more fully and most affectionately by Mr. Richmond; he was then commended to the sympathy and pray-

* J. Higgins, Esq., of Turvey Abbey.

† "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

ers of those by whom he was so well known and esteemed; after which he delivered his farewell address." *

Soon after leaving Mr. G's roof, he fulfilled an engagement which he had formed during his residence in London, by a union in marriage with Miss A. Hagger, a relative of the family in which he formerly resided. Of her, who, happily for her numerous family, has survived the deceased already several years, it would be unbecoming to say more than that she proved, as will be seen, no inefficient assistant in his missionary labours. This event occurred on the 2nd of April, 1823, and shortly after, Mr. W., having been ordained

* An incident recorded by an intimate and highly-valued friend, whose acquaintance with Mr. W. commenced shortly before his marriage, furnishes a striking insight into the subdued cheerfulness of mind with which he bade farewell to his native land. Our informant writes, "His parting words were peculiarly his own,—'Don't say, *Good bye*, say *Good night*; we shall meet again in the morning of the resurrection. 'Tis true, we shall perhaps meet no more in the flesh, but what of that? It will be a far more glorious meeting; this mortal shall have put on immortality, this corruptible incorruption, death will be swallowed up in victory, we shall have done with sin and sorrow, and be singing, Salvation to God and the Lamb.'" In fact, as the same friend aptly remarks, "Those beautiful lines of Young's expressed the language of his heart."—

> "With the patriarch's joy
> Thy call I follow to the land unknown.
> I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust.
> Or life or death is equal—neither weighs:
> All weight in thee.—O let me live to thee."

Deacon, and subsequently Presbyter, of the Church, the newly-married couple set sail, and having been "brought on their way" by the prayers of the friends of the missionary cause, arrived in India after a prosperous voyage. Here then commenced the last, and by far the most important period of the departed Missionary's life.

CHAPTER III.

The Church in the Wilderness.

SHORTLY before the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. W. at the scene of their future labours, about the early part of the year 1823, a mission had been set on foot by the Church Missionary Society at Gorruckpore, a large native town in a district of the same name, in Upper India, at the express invitation and urgent representations of several of the most influential European residents, who were, and have since been, great friends to the cause of missions. Among these, the first place is due to the principal founder of the mission, Robert M. Bird, Esq., a name well known in the annals of Indian and Missionary progress. Nor must we omit to mention Mr. (now Sir Frederick) Currie, Edward Reade, Esq., of the H. E. I. Company's Civil Service, Hezekiah Clarke, Esq., and others. In later days too, the late lamented Mr. Thomason,* who was

* Who for several years so honourably filled the post of Lieut.-Governor, N. W. P.

residing at a neighbouring station, warmly aided, as he afterwards still more effectually promoted, this and every other good work. In accordance with the wishes of these and other esteemed friends, Mr. Morris had been appointed to the station by the Calcutta Corresponding Committee of the Society; but in consequence of ill health, had been compelled, after a few months, to leave for Chunar, the nearest missionary station, except Benares, itself upwards of a hundred miles distant. Mr. M. had barely succeeded in establishing a few small schools in the city, but the wilderness around was untouched. Another labourer was absolutely required to carry on, or rather to commence afresh, the mission thus set on foot.

It was just at this emergency that Mr. and Mrs. W. arrived in Calcutta, full of ardent zeal, and prepared, in the strength of the Lord, to enter upon the first field of missionary enterprize which presented itself. Mr. W. had the choice of joining the mission, some years previously established, (by the late revered Bishop Corrie,) at Benares, but he preferred the untried but promising field of Gorruckpore. He forthwith left for his station, distant from Calcutta some five hundred miles, and only accessible in those days by country boats, which are constantly liable to be upset by the carelessness of the natives, or the sudden squalls to which the Ganges is subject. In short, the voyage up the

country was in those days quite as dangerous, and nearly as long, as the outward voyage from England. However, by the good hand of God upon them, Mr. and Mrs. W. arrived safely at their journey's end early in 1824. Here, beyond the warm welcome which Mr. W. received from the friends above-mentioned, and the fine field of usefulness which lay before him, there was little to encourage the hopes of one accustomed to the "well-watered" land of his birth, and all the hallowed associations of a Christian country. There was indeed nothing visible but the foundations of a church and parsonage, just completed, chiefly at the cost of the principal European resident.* Besides these and the skeletons of a few small schools, in which the merest elements of education were being taught by native teachers, under occasional European supervision, no signs of life appeared in this "region of darkness and of the shadow of death."

The city of Gorruckpore contains a population of about thirty thousand inhabitants, two thirds of whom are Hindoos, chiefly consisting of day labourers and artizans, and one third of Mussulmans of a higher order. It is the centre of a district as large as the principality of Wales, compared to which the wildest parts of Ireland or Scotland were at that time (and to a great

*Robert M. Bird, Esq.

extent still are,) cultivated lands. It is, in fact, one of the most densely wooded provinces in India, and is only very gradually being reduced to cultivation. At the same time, the beauty and richness of the scenery, of which the chief features are the giant forest trees, and the extensive lakes with which they are interspersed, are only equalled by the deadly fevers which attack every fresh comer, and the inaccessible character of the scattered villages and townships. Bounded on the North by a dense mass of jungle, called Terai,* beyond which lies the country of Nepal; on the West by the territory of Oude, then an independent kingdom; on the South East by Bengal proper, and on the South West it is watered by the Raptee, a tributary of the Ganges. Within this large extent of country the sound of the Gospel of "peace and good-will" had never yet been heard beyond the walls of an European bungalow, or a military school. The station was however, as we have above intimated, peculiarly favoured in the character of its European society, who were all well-disposed, and some of them zealous, for the spread of the Gospel. They had

* The Terai which separates Gorruckpore from the country of Nepal, varies in breadth from seventy to a hundred miles; but the lower ranges of the Himalayas, which form the boundaries of the latter, may be distinctly seen when the air has been cleared by the rains.

generously come forward, and some of them pledged themselves, as the committee of a branch association, to furnish the parent society with Co's. Rs. 1200 (£120) annually, for the support of the mission, besides having already commenced building a church and parsonage for the missionary chaplain.

With these encouragements Mr. W. at once entered upon his work; and as the spiritual charge of the Europeans also devolved upon him, he at once commenced with two services on Sunday, in English, in the Church, and a week-day service at the missionary's house. Within a few months after his arrival, Mr. W. commenced addressing small groups of his native domestics, and others who could be induced to attend family prayers, which he conducted in the Hindustani language. He also set about re-establishing and augmenting in number and extent the few native schools set on foot by Mr. Morris, which had well nigh ceased to exist. Not only were capable and trust-worthy teachers wanting, and not to be had without careful training, but even suitable books in the vernacular languages had to be compiled and translated. In fact, the very foundations of the most elementary education were wanting. He derived considerable assistance in this, as well as in superintending the girls' school, from Miss Bird, the sister of Mr. Robert Bird, the judge and magistrate, the authoress of several valuable

books in Hindustani, and the talented and devoted patroness of native female education in Upper India.

Societies for the publication of educational works have since been established all over India, but they were then almost unknown; so that in addition to learning the languages, superintending the schools, preparing for and conducting the services, and other duties of a more secular nature, such as building, &c., which often devolve upon the missionary, he had (as is still often the case,) to prepare books fit to put into the hands of the children, the common native works being all interspersed with the superstitions or obscene allusions to the mythology of Hinduism. This, of course, involved much delay, confinement to the desk, and anxiety, which missionaries now-a-days happily experience to a much less degree.

Such then was the scene, such the circumstances, under which Mr. W. commenced laying the foundations of a native congregation. The ground-work of this "Church in the Wilderness," (the name afterwards given to a material structure erected in the vicinity for the worship of God in the native language,) was formed by the admission of some thirty or forty native Christians, who had been members of the Romish Church, and came from Bettiah, a place some distance to the North of Gorruckpore, where that active though corrupt Church had founded a mission more than a

century previously,* and where a body of one hundred and fifty Christian families had been gathered together, some of whom could read, and were willing to receive copies of the Holy Scriptures, or portions of them, as well as tracts in Hindustani. In addition to the two services performed on Sundays for the benefit of the European residents, there were now two set on foot for the native congregation, thus gradually being gathered together, at which, as well as at family prayers, groups of Hindoo and Mussulman auditors would frequently drop in. These services, which were at first of necessity held in the Missionary's residence, the adjoining school-house, or elsewhere, not long after were conducted in the station church, opened in the year 1826, having been built for the most part by the labour of the convicts of the district, who are thus often usefully employed on public works in India. The same year additional school-rooms for boys and girls were also erected by the liberality of the principal European residents.

A few extracts from the Third Annual Report of the Gorruckpore Association will enable our readers to judge of the progress effected up to this time, and the various means and agencies at work in the infant mission. Under the head of *Services* for the year, we

* This mission was founded about the year 1740, by Italian Missionaries.

read that "the numbers attending, both at the English and Hindustani services above-noted, are fully maintained, while the openings for communications with the natives daily increase. A small number of persons is soon collected in any spot in the neighbourhood, who listen attentively—a great step in advance—ridicule and insults having been at first the only response to the preaching of the Missionary."

An incident of this kind occurred to Mr. W. on one occasion while preaching in the bazaars. A Mussulman became so enraged with some comparisons which the Missionary was drawing between Christianity and Mahommedanism, that he drew his sword, and flourishing it over his head, exclaimed, "If it were not for the (British) government I would soon make an end of you." Mr. W. calmly continued his discourse, and watching a favourable opportunity when the man was off his guard, snatched the sword from his hand, and drawing it from its scabbard, raised it, as if about to strike him. Having arrested his attention, he thus accosted the trembling man, "Fear not; I would not hurt a hair of your head. I only wanted to show you the difference between your religion and mine, which teaches me to love my enemies, to do good to and pray for them that despitefully use me." The man was so subdued, that on receiving his sword, he expressed his gratitude, and apologized for his former behaviour.

The Report goes on to mention that there were some gleams of success from the labours of Miss Bird, who "every Lord's Day collects from twenty to thirty poor women, who assemble to receive alms and hear the Bible read and explained, besides holding meetings during the week day, at which ten or twelve usually attend and ask questions about religion."

Under the head of *Schools* we find mentioned, "The seminary established for training teachers now contained twelve boys. Many desire admission. No objection is ever made by the lads to the religious teaching, discipline, and regulations, which they strictly obey. They all look comfortable, clean, and cheerful, and being shut out from evil example and idolatrous associations, they are acquiring good habits and preparing, it is hoped, for future usefulness." The *Central School* (it is said,) maintains its numbers; and Mr. W. reports "that the higher classes have progressed in the general tone of their conduct as well as in intelligence, and have ceased to attend the numberless heathen and Mahommedan festivals." Thus the leaven of Christian principles and precepts was beginning at this early period to pervade the whole mass, and the Missionary and his faithful coadjutors were encouraged not to "despise the day of small things."

With reference to the *Girls' School* we find the following remarks. "The committee have to record

the loss of Mrs. W's successful services, she having been necessitated by severe and continued indisposition to leave for England. The committee are relieved by the hope that the promise of usefulness from the school which Mrs. W., under all the pressure of repeated indisposition, has collected and maintained, may not be altogether lost. The lady above-mentioned,* has taken the girls' school under her superintendence. The number of pupils has reached eighteen. The circumstance of Mrs. W. being obliged, from failure of health, to leave her husband, for her native country, was a severe trial to Mr. W., but was borne, as we shall see, with his wonted cheerfulness, and never interrupted the work which had now been so happily commenced.

He gives the following review of the mission since its commencement.—"*Public ministrations* must first be noticed. Of all the means at present in operation this must be considered the most important and effective. In taking a view of the little flock which, under the Great Shepherd, has been gathered together since the establishment of the mission, there is cause for thankfulness. The number in general attendance is about *sixty*. About three years ago, only *two* individuals were in the habit of meeting

* Miss Bird.

with us for Christian worship. Most of the congregation consists of persons born of Christian parents, and only a short time since living in ignorance and sin. They have been instructed in the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel, of which they were previously in utter ignorance. They have been taught the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. They are not wholly unconscious of its importance, and some, we trust, desire and seek an interest in its blessings, while all are more or less under its restraining influence. Although the change hitherto effected is but partial, yet the works of darkness common among the Hindoos and Mahomedans, are not to be found, we hope, amongst the native Christians. A large portion of those who attend the Sunday services also *daily* assemble to hear God's word read and explained, and to unite in singing his praises."

"Besides these regular and stated ministrations of God's Holy Word and Sacraments, Scripture reading and preaching have been continued all the cold season among the people in the bazaar. On these occasions, from one to two hundred collect together, most of whom remain to the end of the address. Occasional disputations occur, but a growing respect and attention has been for some time observable. In addition to the bazaar (or street) preaching, a visit has generally been made, one day in the week, to a Hindoo place of

pilgrimage, two or three miles from Gorruckpore, called Gorrucknath. A great number of persons resort thither on that day to offer their oblations of kine, fruit, flowers, &c., to the shrine of the great Unknown. A good opportunity is thus offered for intercourse, conversation, reading, and distributing books. Pundits, (learned men,) Brahmins of all orders, Fakeers, (or mendicant devotees,) pilgrims, and all ranks, compose the assembly. The Mohaut, or head of the monastery, has already received, at his own request, a copy of the four Gospels."

Reference is then made to the *Seminary*, or Upper Training School, where Martyn's Persian translation of St. John's Gospel, a short system of astronomy and geography, and various catechisms of theology had been read during the year. The Girls' School too, under Miss B's superintendance, seems to have made considerable progress in the knowledge of Holy Scripture, elementary reading, plain work, and a few of the simplest domestic duties. Besides this, two other girls' schools had been established in the town, containing nine and six respectively,—no trifling number considering the inveterate prejudice against the education of females in India. Thus the good work was gradually progressing, and gaining every year a firmer hold upon the interest and affections of the people. The native Christian community is reported

by the secretary of the corresponding committee,* (who paid a visit to the Mission next year, 1829,) to consist of one hundred and five souls,—men, women, and children. No less than eight adults in the course of the year had been received into the visible church by baptism, of whom one was a Zemindar (or native landed proprietor.) All, except one, a female inhabitant of Nipâl, who had returned to her country, had been consistent, in at least their outward walk.

There were now five schools in operation at the station, containing about one hundred pupils of both sexes; including two adult schools, one for the men, the other for the females; and all these were exclusive of three small boys' schools in the town, not in connection with the Society.

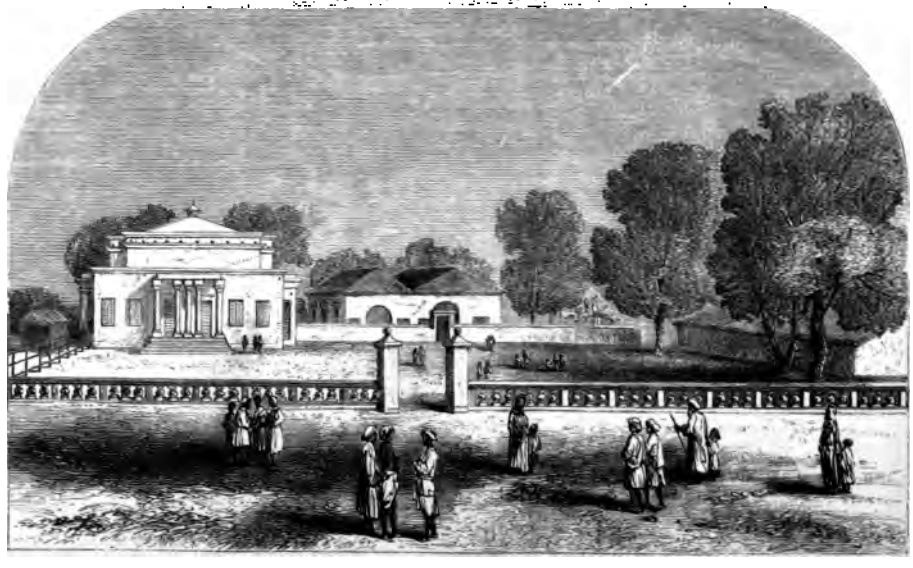
The Report then mentions two missionary preaching tours, which Mr. W. made through Buxar, Ghazeepore, Benares, Chunar, Mirzapore, Juanpore, and Azimgurh, (important towns distant from Gorruckpore from sixty to one hundred and fifty miles;) but the details are too long to enter into. Those who know what travelling in India is, even at this day, when good roads are not uncommon between the principal stations, will know how to appreciate the activity,

* The lamented Rev. F. Wybrow, of whom a brief but interesting Memoir has been published, by the Rev. R. B. Boswell, late East India Company's Chaplain. (Nisbet & Co.)

zeal, courage, and disregard of personal comfort which must have been exercised in those early days of missionary labour and enterprize. All this time, too, it will be remembered, that Mr. W. was living alone, having parted with his wife, as we mentioned above, nearly three years before. How keenly he felt, and yet, how nobly he bore this *greatest of all trials to an Indian exile*, will appear from an extract of a letter written in prospect of the event, and addressed to his aged mother (July, 1826). "A great trial, no doubt, I shall find it, but, believe me, my mind is peaceful and resigned. My dear wife has been called to suffer, and well I know that every stroke was inflicted by the hand that can abundantly support me under the severity of this loss (for a time at least,) of all that is dear to me in a family relation. Do not therefore for a moment think of me so as to be sad on my account: only pray for me, that God may be to me instead of wife and children father and mother. By grieving you can do me no good; by praying you can do me all the good I need."

He subsequently writes to Mrs. W. after her return to England; date, 5th of September, 1827, Parsonage, Gorruckpore. "I hope my dearest A. receives all my letters safe, and is not kept in suspense by the delay often occurring with Indian letters.* I have not yet

*This was written before the establishment of the overland mail.



THE MISSION BUNGALOW AND SCHOOLS.

received letters from St. Helena, although the papers have mentioned the 'Hibernia's' leaving more than two months since. Bless God, I am not unhappy on account of this delay, though of course disappointed. I leave you and all the children to our Heavenly Father, and whether I ever see either again or not, however severe the trial, I trust divine grace would make me superior to it. I know, my dear A., yes, I *know* we shall meet in our Heavenly Father's kingdom. Bless God, my health continues good: and will my dearest A. believe that I continue to be happy? Indeed I am as happy as I can conceive it possible for our circumstances to admit of. Every one, I believe, considers it a privilege to contribute something towards it. I feel, however, that were the whole to be removed, I should not be one *iota* less so. Your 'God will supply all your need,' is the rock whence spring all our comforts here, and better hopes above, 'Looking for the blessed hope and glorious appearing of the Great God and our Saviour,' let us cheerfully take up our cross, and, content with the supplies of the wilderness, forgetting the leeks and onions of Egypt, oh! may we daily press forward with renewed zeal towards the heavenly Canaan, the land of promise, the hope of our fathers, and the abode of our God."

In another letter, written the following year, (in reply to one in which Mrs. W. had announced her in-

tention of remaining a twelvemonth more in England on account of her children, and to which he, for the same reason gladly assents,) he says, in allusion to the baptism of one who had been born on the voyage home, "'*A member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven,*' are the only titles I wish for him on earth. They are far above all earthly titles, distinctions, and honours, and well supply their place."

The year 1828 was signalized by the conversion of *two* of the followers of the false prophet. One of these, named "Sheikh Raji oo Din," is the subject of an interesting Memoir, which appeared with several of his most touching and beautiful letters, subsequently addressed to Mr. W. in a little work entitled "Indian Blossoms,*" and excited considerable interest. The following extracts contain a narrative of the circumstances of their conversion, which may serve as samples of the obstacles to be overcome by all who are disposed to make a public confession of Christ in a heathen or Mahommedan country.—"My dearest A. will rejoice" (writes Mr. W.,) "to hear that on Sunday afternoon I baptized a convert from Mahommedanism. I forget if I have told you about him before. His name

* Originally published by Seeleys, Fleet Street, and re-published in conjunction with this Memoir.

is Khuda Baksh, (*i. e.* the gift of God.) My first acquaintance with him was through bazaar (street) preaching. He first received a tract from me, and some days afterwards begged from me another, stating he had read the former, and wished to know more about the matter. I gave him another of course, gladly. The next time I saw him was on a Sunday morning after my Hindustani service. He requested an audience, but being in a hurry to go to my English service, I replied to him hastily, and supposing he was disposed to be troublesome, did not encourage him. He however made his appearance in the afternoon of that day, at the second Hindustani service. His attention to the sermon was fixed and apparently solemn. What he heard impressed his heart, and he could not go from church without speaking to me, which he managed to do through Daniel Dass.* He begged hard for further instruction, and I directed he might remain on the mission premises, that proper means of instruction might be afforded him. He has remained ever since, and his progress in Christian knowledge, and, I trust, experience, has been quite surprising. He is the astonishment of all who see or converse with him. Obstacles which are so insurmountable to numbers of inquirers, were not the least regarded. When reminded that he must renounce

*For an account of the above and other of Mr. W's assistants, see "Indian Blossoms."

family, &c. in becoming a Christian, that he would thereby make to himself many enemies, and must endure a good share of persecution from them; in short, that he 'must deny himself, and take up his cross,' &c., he only replied, 'Christ did much more for me: why should I fear it? If it is his will I should suffer, why should I not? It will not be in vain; what may be his pleasure, will be the best for me. To be saved from persecution and reproach is nothing worth putting in competition with the loss of the soul. I wish to become a follower of Christ.' I was reminded of your favourite hymn:—

'If on my face for thy dear name
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me!'

His entreaties for admission into the Church of Christ were at length so importunate, that I did not think it right to withhold baptism from him. You, I am sure, will not only rejoice, but unite to pray that he may be stablished, strengthened, settled."

He then goes on to allude to the case of the old Sheikh above mentioned.—"I have sitting by me a dear old man, of whom I ought to have told you before, but feared being too hasty. He is a very respectable Mussulman, and has been some time inquiring after the truth. He will probably be bap-

tized tomorrow, Sunday. He is the head man of a village, and has drawn over a great portion of his people by his conduct, to forbear persecuting him, and I hope a good feeling prevails among them. He is anxious to have a church and school erected to Christ in his village. May God bless us continually with abundant fruits of his Spirit."

In a subsequent letter, dated Aug. 3rd, 1828, further particulars are given of the good old man.—"Sunday, 3rd. This day I have had with me the Zemindar, mentioned in my last. It was a most delightful opportunity. Old Nicodemus, Daniel, Khuda Baksh, (my new convert) and myself, after reading and conversation, all knelt down to prayer in my own room. It was a delightfully solemn moment, and the recollection of it will be long sweet to me."

These prayers were not long unanswered. Sunday, 10th. "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. This day, my dearest A., has been the day of espousal to Christ of the good, dear old man mentioned above. His age, I should judge to be a little more than fifty years, old, you know, for this country. He is quite patriarchal in his appearance, and really so in character; a very reverend, good-looking man, of great respectability, and, what is more than all, as far as can be judged of, in earnest about his salvation. I hope he in truth

was baptized from above. *It is extraordinary to observe the effect of this sacred ordinance on the mind in this country,* compared with what we too often witness in England, even at the baptism of adults. *Here it is really a translation from the kingdom of Satan into that of God's dear Son:* and the subjects of the ordinance, as far as they are under right influence, seem to feel it such. It was remarkably so in the case of the person in question.* His own expression of what his views and feelings were, can alone convey a proper idea.—The mind carried back, then resting on the present, then looking forward; old connections broken, old habits given up, new connections to be formed, new habits to be acquired, and a hundred circumstances connected with the past, the present, and the future, do not operate slightly on a native mind."

"My text was, Gal. i. 15, 16, 'When it pleased God to reveal his Son in me, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.' Faithfulness to convictions, a ready reception of divine truth, an implicit determination to renounce all for Christ, were in him remarkably exemplified. No consulting with flesh and blood, so

* For an expression of the old Sheikh's views and feelings upon this occasion, and also of his subsequent experience, as contrasted with what he felt before his baptism, see a letter of his written to Mr. W. many years subsequently, published in the "Indian Blossoms," p. 21, &c.

almost universally seen in most cases where the judgment is convinced, the mind enlightened, but the heart unaffected, or at least but slightly. His determined and steady conduct seems to have operated well on the minds of his relations. He is now reposing just before my sleeping room door." Such were two of the first-fruits of Mr. W's labours.

A question may have arisen in the minds of our readers as to how such a number of families as were now gathered together under the spiritual care and superintendence of the Missionary, could find means of providing for their temporal wants, without at the same time neglecting the great concerns of the soul. This is a question which has, alas! often caused, and to this day, occasions no little anxiety and perplexity to the faithful servant of Christ in a heathen land; for the converts being cut off from all their former connections, and from their previous means of obtaining subsistence, (while it is impossible, even if it were advisable, for the Missionary himself, or his friends to provide for them from charitable funds,) it becomes no easy matter to devise a suitable and profitable mode of employment. Different plans have succeeded in different places. At Agra a large number of the native Christians* derive support from publishing the Government

* Amounting to seven or eight hundred souls, whose work at the Church Missionary Society's printing press has hitherto

Gazette and other documents. At Benares bookbinding has hitherto provided for the wants of a considerable number. But after all these desultory and local efforts, a large number still remain, whose powers of body and mind do not admit of such occupation. For these there appears no other resource than locating them as agriculturists on some portion of land selected for the purpose. The difficulties connected with this are not to be conceived by those who are unacquainted with the tenacity with which the natives of India cling to their plots of ground, even when utterly unable to support themselves thereby.

Fortunately for Mr. Wilkinson, there was a large tract of densely wooded country in the immediate vicinity of the station of Gorruckpore, which had either never come under cultivation, or more probably, had lain waste since the desolating conquests of Akbar Khan and his Mahommedan successors. Fortunately also, (or rather by the good providence of God,) there was a nobleman* ruling the destinies of that splendid

successfully competed with all the native presses for government employ.

P. S. These have, alas! all been destroyed during the late awful mutinies; and the native Christians, who were taken into the fort by the Europeans, only on the urgent remonstrances of the Missionaries, proved the only resource of their masters, when deserted by all their other servants.

* Lord William Bentinck.

country, who was fully alive to the importance of developing its resources. To this high-minded statesman Mr. W. made application for the grant of a portion of this useless and noxious jungle, on the understanding that it was to be brought under cultivation, and not subjected to rent or land-tax for a certain number of years. The application was acceded to, and some fifteen hundred acres were made over to the association in Mr. W's name, for a lease of twenty, afterwards extended to seventy years, at a merely nominal rent. A clearance of some five or six hundred acres was made during the year in which the grant was made available, which, with the addition of fifty more, has sufficed till very lately for the support of some fifty or sixty families.

The object of this undertaking, was, in Mr. Wilkinson's own words, "The locating of native converts, so as to form an agricultural community, as well as a bond of union among themselves, distinct from the heathen around ; and which besides giving to them a local habitation and a name, by concentrating them in one spot, gives facility to a daily course of instruction, pastoral visiting, &c." This was the first grant made by the H. E. I. C. to any European, at least in that part of India. They have since become more frequent and it is much to be wished that the settlement of native Christians in a similar manner could be more

extensively adopted than it has hitherto been at the various Missionary stations.

The partial, and apparently not disproportionate, success of the plan, as subsequently adopted at Krishnaghur, Benares, and elsewhere, leads to the conviction, that until, by some such means, Christianity shall have become naturalized, and native Indian Christians made an integral and recognized section of the community, instead of being, as hitherto, to a great extent, outcasts, and, so to speak, exotics in the land, the Gospel will never get a permanent footing in the country.

The grant was first made in the year 1831, and a clearance having been commenced about that time, a portion of the native Christians was located at what was subsequently called "Busharatpore."* This romantic spot, once the abode of the tiger and the wild elephant, has now for many years been occupied by a lively and intelligent native Christian community, who are engaged for the best part of the day in cultivating their allotted portions of ground. A range of neat cottages was shortly afterwards erected, and the foundations of a school-house laid. It was not till some years afterwards, that a neat church was built by Mr. Wilkinson in the centre of this interesting colony; but we shall

* The village of glad tidings.

have occasion to return to this portion of his labours at some future time. Meanwhile his preaching tours in the district of Gorruckpore, Juanpore, and the vicinity, continued uninterrupted. At Juanpore, through the assistance of a friend, a small chapel had been built, where he occasionally officiated to both Europeans and natives. A similar one was also erected at Azimgurh and another intervening station. During the year 1829, fifteen adults were "added to the Church," the schools were also increasing.

CHAPTER IV.

The Burden and Heat of the Day.

THE labours of the missionary, which had hitherto been so uninterrupted, were now for a time suspended by an attack of bilious fever, soon after his return from a missionary tour, in April, 1830, which compelled him to seek relief by a river excursion to Calcutta, and a sea voyage to the Sand-heads.* This change was blessed in a considerable degree to his recovery; and on Mrs. Wilkinson's return from England, they proceeded together to Gorruckpore, recuited in health and refreshed in spirit: they were accompanied and strengthened moreover by the Rev. W. Smith, then a young untried Missionary, whom the parent committee recommended to be located at Gorruckpore, as likely to prove suitable to his constitution. They arrived at Christmas. During Mr. Wilkinson's absence, the affairs of the mission were chiefly managed by Charles Dass, the native catechist, an intelligent and

*The name of the waters at the mouth of the Ganges.

truly pious man, who has since frequently proved a most efficient superintendent of the mission in the absence of the European Missionary. His services were highly appreciated by his pastor.

Shortly after his return to Gorruckpore, Mr. W. paid a visit to Juanpore (a station some one hundred miles from Gorruckpore). On his way there, he passed through a village which he found to be the abode of one who called himself a Christian Fakir. He confessed Christ openly, and was in the habit of exhorting all his disciples to trust in Him for salvation. A school had already been established here, but which he found at a low ebb from want of supervision. At Azimgurh* the people were much more disposed to listen and receive the word of God than at Juanpore. On all these occasions, crowds of eager listeners assembled around the Missionary, and many inquiries were made. Two schools were also established here, and a Native Christian Scripture Reader left to superintend them. Mr. Wilkinson's time was a good deal occupied in the translation and composition of works in the vernacular, for the schools and native Christians. These latter had begun to form an important charge and tie to the Missionary, so that some of the preaching in the city was transferred to Mr. Smith, in

* A station half way between Gorruckpore and Juanpore, which last is on the road to Benares.

company with the native catechist, Charles Dass, "who calls the attention of the people to the tracts and portions of the Gospel which he distributes to those who are able and willing to read them, and there appear to have been many such."

The average number of the congregation who assembled for divine worship in the little mission church, was now fifty adults and as many boys and girls, besides a few inquirers. The boys in the seminary amounted to eighteen, instructed by a native schoolmaster. The number of girls instructed was about the same. Besides these, there were three schools in the city for the instruction of Heathen and Mahommedan children, whose average number reached twenty-five. These were taught by Mussulman Moonshies, superintended by Mr. Smith and the native catechist.

In the following year, 1831, *i. e.* as soon as Mr. W's health was more settled, the preaching tours into the neighbouring districts were resumed, and he was pleased to observe that "a very general knowledge of Christianity is now spread throughout the district;" indeed, one gratifying feature in the mission was that "the greater part of the converts at Gorruckpore were persons from the neighbouring villages, or pilgrims, or religious mendicants," who having met with the Missionary in these journeys, followed him home. The number of professing Christians now amounted to

one hundred and twenty-six. Schools also were this year formed, at three more places on the route usually visited by the Missionaries, all superintended by native converts, of whom encouraging reports were frequently made. Several inquirers attended their instructions, tracts were distributed by them, and the outline of the way of salvation was gradually becoming known amongst the people.

To the seminary for training lads of a superior order, and the female asylum, which continued to increase in numbers, were this year added two Hindoo schools, containing together about two hundred boys. In the first of these, instruction in English was attempted to be introduced, but the native master proved incompetent: the object however was not abandoned. It was felt that "instruction in English by furnishing ideas unconnected with the surrounding superstitions, was likely to prove, as it had in several cases, an effectual means of detaching the mind of the pupil from the debasing influences of idolatry."

A considerable portion of our Missionary's time (his health being still but imperfectly recovered,) was occupied in preparing Commentaries on several portions of the Gospels and other works, now daily called for by the increasing number of converts and their offspring, who, at every long-established station were becoming an important part of the Missionaries' charge. Amongst

other works published by Mr. W., was the first translation that had been hitherto made of the "Morning and Evening Services," and the "Office for Holy Communion." This has since been superseded by a more complete and perfect translation of the whole Book of Common Prayer into Hindustani: but it must not be forgotten, that a large share of credit is due to the first originator of any valuable work, and it may perhaps be a question whether the first effort, rude and unfinished as it undoubtedly was, was not more adapted for the simple, and for the most part, illiterate flock at Gorruckpore, than the present version, in sufficiently high Urdu* would have been. Another work completed about this time was a metrical version of the Psalms in Hindustani, devised for public service. This too has been generally superseded by a more popular, though it must be admitted, but an indifferent collection of psalms and hymns,† composed by the Rev. W. Bowley, the faithful and devoted Anglo-Indian

*This is the common language of the North-West, a mixture of Persian and Hindui, which is called *high* or *low*, according to the proportion of Persian or Hindui words employed.

† This applies principally to the composition and rhythmical structure of the hymns, which, with some few exceptions, are very inferior. The American missionaries have one superior in this respect, but open to other objections. A simple, chaste version of the principal Psalms and Hymns, judiciously selected, is still a desideratum.

Missionary at Chunar. Mr. Wilkinson held much Christian intercourse with this excellent man, who, without the advantages of an English classical education, was "instant in season and out of season," in preaching and teaching, traversing often in company with him the immense districts lying between Chunar and Gorruckpore.

Another undertaking of great importance was, through his unwearied exertions, brought to a close this year. A grant of nearly two thousand bigahs, or some fifteen hundred acres of unreclaimed jungle, at a short distance from the station, was obtained from the government on the lease of twenty-one years, which was subsequently extended. Mr. W., with the aid of a donation from the Calcutta Corresponding Committee, undertook the whole work of this important and valuable acquisition, which was made over to him as the agent of the association, and subsequently handed over by him to the Corresponding Committee of the Church Missionary Society.

At the end of April of this year, he reported as follows, "A village is rising, together with a school or seminary. Those boys that have but small capacity, will be required to labour half the day, and read or write the other half. In this way an agricultural community (of native Christians) will be growing up amongst the present settlers. A portion of ground

has been marked out for them, and a person appointed to teach them the art of husbandry." Five hundred bigahs (say three hundred and fifty acres,) had been already cleared, and the remainder, it is to be hoped, will gradually be brought under cultivation, though but little advance has at present been made, from want of funds and other causes. Mr. Smith appears to have left Gorruckpore for Benares in the early part of this, or the end of the former year, the climate of Gorruckpore not having proved congenial to his constitution.

Such was the gradual progress of the Gorruckpore Mission. From small and most unpromising beginnings a goodly spiritual fabric was slowly rising up in the moral and natural wilderness, which indeed began to "rejoice and blossom as the rose." Here for once enlightened civilization and Christianity in all its primitive simplicity and self-denying energy, had gone hand in hand ; and if the subsequent progress has not been what might have been hoped for, it cannot be denied that fruits quite proportionable to the scanty and feeble efforts bestowed upon it have blessed the labours of our humble Missionaries ; and subsequent events at Gorruckpore have proved that the good seed has not been altogether thrown away upon this isolated station.* But in the midst of these labours of love in

* The fact that a native Rajah has during the late tumults

his Master's cause, Mr. Wilkinson was not unmindful of more private and still tenderer ties. The following letters, written to his aged mother, for whose spiritual welfare he ever evinced the most tender and affectionate solicitude, breathe, as a Christian friend remarks, a delightful spirit of piety, deadness to the world, and devotedness to the work in which he was engaged.

"April, 1832.

My very dear mother,

I suppose you are still in 'the vale of tears,' and dear father* also. Have you a hope of a *better* inheritance, where sighing and sorrow shall flee away? If so, happy are you! I fancy myself as old as you, my constitution is so shattered and worn by the climate. You will be surprised that I feel it quite a task to walk one mile. Yet I am able to be fully engaged in my work from six till six. I cannot do so

engaged to take this Christian settlement under his protection as long as it may be required, and that a government, usually far from favourable to the spread of Christianity, should have become a party to that arrangement, show the hold the native Christian community has taken upon public regard in India. That this has not been misapplied has been proved beyond a doubt, by the fact that out of several thousand native Christians, not more than two or three instances of apostacy, and not one of disaffection, have occurred in North India.

* Her second husband.

much, or expose myself abroad so much as I used. All this arises from the enervating effects of a tropical climate. I fancy on reading this I hear you say, 'Why not come home?' Dearest mother, *I dare not* till I feel satisfied it is my duty, but I think this will soon be. I am as happy as if I were ever so strong, perhaps far more so. My weakness (for I am not ill,) reminds me of a better state, and that is so good for me. Accept, dearest father and mother, my kindest love.

M. Wilkinson."

His health seems in a great measure to have recovered its tone by the close of the year.

"Gorruckpore, Oct. 10, 1833.

My very dear mother,

I am very sorry indeed that by not writing I should have occasioned one moment's uneasiness to so kind, tender, and affectionate a mother. I could tell you several reasons, but there is no occasion. You will, I know, be glad to learn that I am well. My health is now, through the goodness of God, quite restored, and I am getting my former strength again. I am thankful on account of the poor, *lost, lost, lost* heathen. I hope to be able to point them to Jesus, the only Saviour of sinners. This is all I desire, either in life or death; for, as far as I know my own heart,

I feel myself divorced from my wife, while living most happily and comfortably with her; possessing four dear babes as if I possessed them not, with all the affections of a father, but without the anxieties. The same I do feel, and desire to feel, towards all that is dying. I enjoy all the present enjoyments of life, I think, to the highest extent, while the loss of them all would not greatly affect me. I wish to view (and I strive to do so,) all things *in relation to eternity.* This makes me always happy; you cannot imagine how happy! I have a thousand anxieties about you and dear father, all centred in one, viz., Do you love Christ? Are you one with Him? and will you be for ever happy with Him? Our dear little M. A. is a sweet, lovely child, and the image of you, my dear, dear mother."

The restoration of his health and spirits only proved to be temporary, and after one more year's labour, in which he was assisted by a young European catechist, Mr. Reynolds, lately removed to Gorruckpore, he was obliged reluctantly to return to his native land. Before this, however, he, in company with Mr. R., made some extensive journeys in the cold weather to festivals in honour of the Hindoo deities, *e. g.*, to Ayoodhya, (in Oude) the supposed birth-place of the demi-god Râm, who, with his brother, Krishn, is one of the favourite incarnations among the Hindoos. He also visited several of the places of pilgrimage, where crowds from

distant places were assembled, and continued together for many days. On these occasions the reception given by the people was of the most encouraging kind. Tracts in the native languages, and separate portions of the New Testament were sought for by many. Everywhere a disposition to enter on the subject of the Christian religion was manifested. The answers to objections usually raised were listened to with a great deal of candour, and explanations sought with seeming seriousness, on points bearing on personal religion. The result of these journeys filled Mr. W's mind with the most ardent hopes of large success at no distant period, and had these efforts been carried on systematically for years, it is impossible to conceive what might have been the fruits of such "patient perseverance in well-doing." But this was not to be. God's time had not yet fully come.

The Christian Schools altogether numbered some one hundred and twenty-four pupils, and the Christian village began to assume an appearance of importance and order, delightful to behold.

In the midst of these arduous, but cheering scenes, Mr. W's health once more failed, and he was obliged to relinquish his post for a season, in order to renew his health and constitution, which was now sensibly unstrung by the labours of ten years in a tropical climate. It may be truly said of him, that he had

been "instant in season out of season," in the service of his divine Master, and that no amount of dangers, difficulties, or obstacles were allowed to interfere with his one simple aim, to finish the work which his Saviour had given him to do, viz.—to unfold the standard of the cross, to win souls to Christ, and to feed the flock over which the Lord had made him overseer. It was a source of comfort to Mr. Wilkinson, that he was enabled to leave the mission in the charge of Mr. Reynolds, who, after labouring for some years with him as a catechist, was ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta as his successor, or substitute, towards the close of 1833. Mr. Moore, a student of Bishop's College, whose subsequent career did not alas! fulfil the promise of his early conduct and character, was placed under Mr. Reynolds.

Matters seem to have remained in much the same position during Mr. Wilkinson's absence in Europe; more attention being given, as was perhaps natural under the circumstances, to the pastoral and educational work of the mission, while the preaching and itinerating were less attended to.

There is an incident mentioned in Mr. Reynold's first Report, (1834,) which shows that the itinerating labours of our missionary were already bearing good fruit. He writes, "Among our inquirers is a man who came from a village thirty coss (fifty miles) off. He had heard

the Gospel from Mr. W. about three years ago, and remembers the subject of his preaching. It was this which induced him to come to me for further instruction. We have every reason to think well of him. He works during the forenoon, and attends the seminary the rest of the day."

But we must follow Mr. Wilkinson on his voyage to England. A circumstance in connection with his choice of a vessel has been related by a friend, which, as she observes, evinces that spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to his Master's work, which distinguished him on every occasion. When about to make an arrangement for his passage, the choice of two vessels was given him, in one of which he would have enjoyed congenial Christian society, whereas, on board the other, there was no such prospect. He immediately chose the latter, with the hope of being made the honoured instrument of winning souls to Christ. He returned home with the intention of remaining there two years, but at the end of half that period, during which his young family, for the first time after eight years, enjoyed the privilege of their father's acquaintance and society, his health was so far re-established that he said, "The Lord has accomplished for me in one twelvemonth what in my weakness of faith I imagined would not have been effected under two years." He therefore thought it right to return to India without

delay, leaving all his children (four in number), in England, merely taking with them one sweet babe, which had been given to them in their native land, as if to cheer them on their journey back. But shortly after their re-embarkation for India, this precious child was taken from its earthly to its heavenly home. In reference to this trial, Mr. Wilkinson wrote to some valued friends, in whose charge he had left behind his eldest and only daughter.—

"Very dear friends,

The first opportunity of fulfilling my promise is a very painful one indeed. Our precious, precious Edward is *no more*—the world would say—but not so, he is now with Him, who, when on earth, said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and soon we shall again see him, embrace him in our arms, press him to our bosoms, and live for ever with him. And can it be, I often think, that I have two cherubs in glory?* Is our heavenly Father taking us to heaven piece by piece? And soon this tabernacle in which I groan, being burdened, must be taken down, and the ransomed spirit will soar whither it would be. 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus!'"

* He had already buried a little boy not more than six months old.

But to return to Gorruckpore, where Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson had arrived, refreshed in body and mind, to resume their interesting labours. Shortly after his return, he set about collecting funds for building a Mission Church for the congregation which had been gathered together, and located in the jungle, some few miles from the station. The Church was commenced long before the requisite amount of funds was forthcoming, "in faith," as he said, that "the Lord would provide." Nor was he disappointed. In due time, though often when the fund in hand was reduced to the last rupee, the needful help appeared, to enable him to carry on his long-cherished project, the building of a house of God, which was at length completed, and appropriately called "The Church in the wilderness."

Of the state of the mission at this period, he writes, "I am happy to say our mission is going on very well. We baptized five persons a few weeks ago, and are about to baptize as many more. May the Spirit witness to their sincerity. I entirely differ from those who think nothing is to be done but by schools. Where is our faith? Is ours an apostolic mission or not? Are the adults to be left, or are we to have adult schools? God will shew us by the outpouring of the Spirit, all our carnal and polluted blindness. Why can we not see afar off, work in God's strength, and leave all results to Him?"

In February of the following year (1836,) he writes home, "Beloved friends, a word from my pen by way of earnest; the long letter must follow. I can hardly bring myself to believe that so short a time since we were conversing together, and thousands of miles now separate us. Yet is it so. My dear Ann and I are both well, and once more happy in our work. Strange changes have taken place since we left. Among the Europeans there are only two that we know. I trust all who have died have gone to heaven. I believe they are; while we are left mourners in time, sometimes sighing, and saying, 'How long,' &c. But a little more patience, and we too shall be where sorrow and sighing are no more. The death of our loved babe has produced a strange variety of feelings in my mind with respect to life. But I have much yet to make me, in spite of myself, cling to life,—our precious children in England and the work of the Lord in these dark, dark regions. I am more convinced than ever that I acted according to the will of God in coming out again, and, as it seems to all here, in leaving when I did. Once more then, farewell. Love to all. The children I say nothing about; as I used to say, 'Why tell them I love them:' they know that. Do not, however, forget my precious mother. I think much of her.

Your's affectionately, M. W."

Again, later in the year, he writes;—

"My dear Ann has, you see, quite precluded me from writing you your long-promised *long* letter,* by occupying nearly the whole sheet herself. I must therefore say the most I can in a short space. I have to tell of mercy and judgment. The Psalmist has it '*sing*,' but I have no inclination, however much I should desire it, to sing of the latter, though I believe I have most reason. But how weak we Christians are in faith, knowledge, love, &c. I am sure I richly deserve the rebuke contained in Luke xxiv. 25. Why what *are* judgments?—Surely another word meaning the same thing.—All is mercy. The Christian's sorest afflictions are not punishments, but only chastisements, discipline, *love-visits* under a cloud. And now I have touched a chord that makes even this rebel heart break forth into praise. But I have been very rebellious under the rod, and with strong desire to be deeply humbled, I tell you of it. If I begin to tell

* It was a constant subject of raillery between Mr. W. and his friends, that his letters were so few and so brief; but he used to say he could not undertake to go out to *work* and *write* too. The little he has left on record about himself and his labours, has rendered the writer's task a much more difficult one than it would perhaps otherwise have been, although the fruits of his exertions were perhaps still more abundant from the very circumstance.

you of mercies where, Oh! where will the growing numbers cease? 'Moments come swift, but mercies swifter,' &c. You can fill it up. I am always happy in my dear and blessed Master's work; but in this I have been very, very unfaithful since you saw me. Yet God bears with me, and allows me to see His work prosper in a measure. Five precious souls have been added to the fold since we returned, and five more are inquirers; and though humbled on account of some, our rejoicing is abundant in Christ Jesus our Lord. Remember me affectionately to all. Do pray tell E. I do not at all thank her for praying my idol so soon away from me, but I may by the time I write again.* Say all that is affectionate to my beloved mother, and let us know of her particularly."

In consequence of Mr. Reynolds' indifferent health, and other causes, the native Christians had been removed from the farm to the missionary's bungalow compound; and consequently the former was found to be relapsing into its original state. Mr. W. however soon gathered round him the flock he had so long and carefully watched, and with the addition of those recently baptized, began shortly afterwards to assemble them in their own pretty church, of which the tower was gradually raising its graceful proportions among

* This was meant for the godmother of his departed child.

the tall palms and other tropical trees. It is referred to in the following letter.

"In the jungle.

My very dear friends,

I have just found this in my portfolio, and I suppose it was meant for me to fill up. Dear A. is in one tent with the girls, and I with the boys in another. Before me is a large pond; on the bank, very high, is our beautiful little church, just finished; a bungalow rising very near it, which will be fit to reside in by the hot weather. We shall then feel settled among our people. We call it the 'Church in the wilderness' at present, but I think it will be called Mount Zion hereafter. Oh! that it may be said of her, 'this and that man was born there.' One has just been removed to the Zion above, of which this is only a type. I hope soon to send you a drawing of the church* and house, and also a map of the farm, with the residences of the native Christians marked on it. I have many anxious moments about my dearest mother† and poor father, and exceedingly

* This was afterwards taken by a friend, and engraved in one of the Church Quarterly Papers.

† She afterwards became a happy Christian; the latter was her second husband.

regret our separation on their and my own account, though still satisfied I am where God would have me to be.

Yours affectionately,

M. Wilkinson.

P. S. Our affectionate remembrances to your loved circle. May the Saviour be their present and everlasting portion."

The following letter, although written with all the unreserve natural to such a parent writing to a loved child from a distant land, breathes such a spirit of unaffected spirituality of mind, and devotedness to the work in which he was engaged, that the editor cannot withhold it from its place in these memoirs.

August, 1838, on the river near Benares.

My very dear Marianne,

I told your brother I hoped to write to you on your birth-day, as it is called, and I intended to do so, but we were so situated that I was not able. We were on the river, where we still are, but the weather windy and the river very rough. We came on the river partly on account of your little brother's health. He had been very ill. We should, however, have gone if he had been well, as your dear father likes to go down the river once a year, and talk and preach to the people on the banks.

This year the rains are so unusually great that the banks are overflowed, and the poor people's dwellings washed away. It is quite distressing to see parts of villages, the whole way up the country, falling into the water, and the poor little naked children, with their parents, with no place to keep them from the rain. This is not the worst. Since we have been out, there have been violent storms, and many hundreds of boats have been wrecked and sunk, with grain and all kinds of merchandize. This is the more distressing, as the country has been in a destitute state for want of rain and the failure of crops, for two years past, and most of these boats were going to relieve those poor sufferers, who are dying by hundreds daily for want of food. How thankful ought you to be, dear child, that you are not one of the little sufferers, or the heathen, upon whom God pours out His fury; but He is angry with *all* those that know Him not, and 'call not upon His name,'—I suppose mamma* would say, or something like it. (Thus far she had written.)

It has been arranged for her to remain some time at Benares, and for me to return to my flock at Gorruckpore. She, with your brother and sister, are at our dear friends, the Smiths. Mr. Smith came to India with mamma eight years ago.

* Mrs. W., the writer of the first part of this letter.

This unfinished letter I find in my portfolio, and as dear mamma will not be at home for the next two months, I will endeavour, at intervals of leisure, to finish it, though I fear the two months will be gone first. I am now on the river, and will do what I can towards it while here, as I fear when at home I shall be too tired, which is always the case after a long, life-exhausting day in India.

Your loved mamma has mentioned the destruction of villages on the banks of the river, and also of boats. Since we passed up, the flood which is occasioned by the heavy rains and melting of the snow on the Himalaya range of mountains, has greatly increased. Since I left Benares, I have been passing over several sunken villages, and have seen several *walking* villages on the shore from my boat. 'What does papa call a walking village?' The smaller villages in India are mostly covered with thatch; not as in England, but long, coarse grass, fastened to bamboos and put to the walls of the house, and afterwards lifted in a body by a number of people. Seeing the flood rapidly increasing, and overflowing the banks on which the villages stood, they were taking off these thatched roofs, and carrying them on their heads to a distance, to protect them from the rain, which is almost incessant, and will continue so to the end of September. What a faint picture, methought, of the

floods of divine wrath. In vain will it be when these shall come upon the earth to remove from one place to another, in the hope of finding refuge and shelter.

Dearest Marianne, there is, you know, 'a refuge from the storm; a *man* for an hiding-place!' Oh blessed be God! thither, ere the floods come, we may flee and be safe. The *man* that is God's fellow will cover us with His own right hand, and eternally save us. But it must be now, *before* the floods come. You have heard of this refuge. You are pointed to it daily. Not so these outcasts from mercy. Be thankful that their lot is not yours; and not only so, but try to make your lot theirs. When your poor father and mother are cut off from this land of the shadow of death, and gone into the land of the *living*, where all *live* unto Him, may it be yours, and that of your dear brothers and sisters, to fill up our place with more honour to the Saviour, and more fulness of blessing to the heathen! Never forget that you are a poor missionary's child, and live and die a missionary, wheresoever God may call you. Your dear mamma, when suffering from the debilitating, nervous effects of the climate, sometimes says, 'Oh! I hope my loved children will never come here to suffer!' But this is the language of disease. Her faith rises higher, and says more often, I am sure,

'In such a work, with Jesus nigh,
'Tis sweet to labour, sweet to die.'

I am sorry to tell you she has very poor health. I fear, for my own sake, she must leave India next year. In her present state of health she is unfit for almost any active duties. We hope to wait on the Lord, to know His will, and then to do it. My own health is good, but I cannot *labour* as once I could. Still here the Lord would have me to be I feel sure, and if it please Him that I should be left alone for a time, yet I know that He will be with me.

As I am passing along, the poor people are casting the seed (rice) upon the land, where the water is subsiding, and the oxen treading it in. 'Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth the feet of the ox and the ass.' (Isai. xxxii. 20.) And thus must it be in a spiritual sense, '*Until* the Spirit be poured out from on high, *then* shall the wilderness be a fruitful field,' &c. This, dear child, is the divine order in *nature* and in *grace*. *Now* is your seed-time; 'Sow plentifully and you shall reap plentifully.'

I suppose but few of the young ladies to whom I used to read are still with you: to as many as are, give my love. Tell them I cannot forget them. The endeared recollections of special moments spent with them are yet pleasing, and I do trust in heaven the recollection will not be wanting. May they, and I, and you, my child, obtain a name and a place there, when 'The place that now knows us shall know us no more for ever.'

I was very grieved to learn the necessity of your dear brother's leaving Ipswich, both on your account and that of my dear mother. The greatest trial I have is her present lonely and helpless condition, without having it in my power to assist and comfort her in any way. I know she felt dear M. a comfort to her, and though you, dearest, are very young, yet I hope your occasionally seeing her and reading to her, may in some measure make her few remaining days on earth more comfortable than they otherwise would be.

After you have read this, perhaps dear Miss S. will allow you to go and see her. I hope you are in every respect, an obedient and affectionate child to these our dear friends, who take so kind and affectionate an interest in you for our sakes, and from love to our blessed Saviour, whom they charitably hope we are serving. Give our kindest love to them all, and to those other dear friends that are so disinterestedly kind to you; and forget not your most affectionate parents. Good bye.

M. W. and A. W."

In the following year Mr. Wilkinson writes thus to his friends in England.—

"Basharatpore, July, 1839.

My very dear friends,

Since I last wrote we have been in a

sad state of rebellion and anarchy. I think I mentioned something of the campaign to Afghanistan. You have probably heard more of it through the papers. You will be rejoiced to learn that no engagement has taken place, and that no blood has been shed. We have (though I have had nothing to do with it. *We* means the E. I. Company), taken quiet possession of the whole land between the Punjab and Persia. By the way, the king of the Punjab,* our old and faithful ally, is dead. It is as important an event as could have happened here. The account of his latter end is most distressing. As it may serve to excite a deeper interest on behalf of this poor people, I will try and give you as brief an account as I can.

August 19th. The above few lines were written some ten or twelve days since. I have since been laid by with what is here called a jungle fever. I recovered in a few days, but had an almost immediate relapse, which has quite laid me prostrate. Only yesterday the fever left me. I am, however, in good spirits.

The occurrence of the death of the king of Punjab is, in a political point of view, an event of no ordinary importance. But his spirit is gone where he must himself be judged by the King of kings, and with whom is only one rule of judgment. His exit, like

* Runjeet Singh

his passage through this vale of tears, has been attended with the shedding of blood. Four of his wives and seven of his concubines perished on the pile with his corpse. His life was one (like all Indian Chiefs), of unrestrained indulgence in every kind of vice. He affected to despise, and his whole life was one continued violation of all Hindoo rites, &c. Yet, finding his end approaching, he ordered his treasures to be brought forth, that he might feast his eyes for the last time. Immediately followed a series of gifts to Brahmins and shrines, the like of which, a narrator says, has not been seen since the golden age. Estates of large amount were lavished on the priesthood;—a hundred cows with gilded horns, a hundred caparisoned horses, equipped in gold and jewelled saddles; four elephants, with gold and silver seats; a gold chair and bedstead; plate; strings of pearls; swords; shields, and other articles of incalculable value, were ordered to be sent to the shrines throughout India, to proclaim the piety of the Mahar Rajah, the great king. But conscience was not yet at ease. He had an unrivalled jewel in his possession of incalculable value, called the Mountain of Light—Koh-i-noor, which he had filched from Shah Soojah, whom the Company has just seated upon the throne of Cabul, and ordered it to be sent to Juggarnath; but this was interrupted, and it is still retained in the royal treasury. Much

more is said of his deeds in death—truly 'dead works' —to dead gods.

As soon as his departure was known, the Ranees (his wives), raised bitter cries and loudest lamentations,—tearing their hair, casting earth on their heads, throwing themselves violently on the ground, and striking their heads against bricks and stones. His bier was made of sandal-wood, and adorned with gold-wrought (embroidery) flowers. The prime minister resolved to burn with the wives of Runjeet on the funeral pile.

Such is the death-bed scene of one of the greatest of Indian monarchs ; of a man who was the most powerful and faithful ally of ours for many years. A thousand reflections arise in the mind.—Has that warrior chieftain lived on our borders and been our ally for so many years? Has he flattered himself and been flattered by others, on his likeness to Napoleon, and on his attainments in the art of war, derived from European sources? Has he had fire-arms, elephants, field-pieces, and even a *Koran !* presented by *our* government. And has all his intercourse with us and all our intercourse with him, not impressed on him the fact that we looked upon such acts with the deepest abhorrence? Has no one even *whispered* the *name* of Jesus? None ventured to tell him of His mightiest deeds of conquest, by the shedding of His *own*, and not of *others'* blood? And is he gone to the

world of spirits, allied to Britain as a nation, without knowing ought of our God and Saviour?

Other reflections I leave to you, dear friends, and others, to make; and I have written what I have in great weakness, hoping it might make a subject for your missionary meetings. If you like, give it to dear, good Mr. Nottidge. I hope he is still your pastor in Christ's stead.

Dear Mrs. Wilson is about to erect a Church at Agărpárá,—I believe it is commenced. The state of feeling amongst the natives on the subject of education, literature, and religion is at present deeply interesting. Young educated natives are going about exciting discussions on religious topics. A native daily Newspaper in Bengáli has just been established. A circulating library has been established on a pretty large scale. A young Hindu has written a volume of very creditable poems in the English language.* Another has compiled a history of Benares, and I believe a third is about to write or compile a History of Bengal.

September 1st. The best apology I can make for not forwarding this when written is that no opportunity has before offered.

* One of the high-caste and talented family of the Dutts residing in Calcutta.

Two days ago news was received from the seat of war. There had been hard fighting and much loss of life on the part of the enemy, at a place called Ghiznea, and also at Cabul, which ended in our taking possession of both places. And here I suppose will end the war in the North. Western Provinces.

My dear Anne has had an attack of fever and is still suffering. Cholera has broken out amongst us in the town and in the lines. But the Spirit is not poured out from on high. I have lately baptized several, but the work of the Spirit to me is little if at all visible. But the Spirit *shall* be poured out upon all nations, and all nations shall see the salvation of God.

Yours, dear friends, in Christian love,

M. W.

Pray give my kind and Christian love to all our beloved friends."

Meanwhile the following is the recorded testimony of his labours.* 'Mr. W. is,' as Mr. Bowley truly says, 'the itinerant missionary,' delighting principally in this part of his work, in the accomplishing of which he traverses great distances, and often contents himself with the humblest and meanest accommodation.

* Vide Church Missionary (Calcutta Corresponding) Society's Report for the Year.

He is listened to with great attention, having attained to great proficiency in Hindustani, and being blest with an affectionate mode of address in calling upon those to whom he speaks, to attend to the all-important concerns of their souls. But it is not merely as an itinerant missionary that Mr. W. spends his strength, he has been enabled to gather together a flock of converts and native Christians, amounting to two hundred in number."

An extract from the secretary of the Calcutta Corresponding Committee's letter to the Parent Society, may serve to show his sense of the state of things, affording such a pleasant prospect at Gorruckpore. In a letter addressed to the Home Secretary, dated 6th May, 1839, he thus writes, "I passed a few days with brother Wilkinson, and was much interested with his work and his prospects. His people, whom God has given him from among the heathen, are located on a large grant of land, made to him by government. It was formerly a wild jungle, but now luxuriant crops wave where was once the tiger's haunt; and peaceful cottages, a little mission house, a farm, and village church stand on the very spot where wild elephants roamed at pleasure. The spiritual mind could indeed delight in the contemplation of the scene, and looking on the poor dear people rescued from heathen darkness, and the smiling farms reclaimed from the dense

jungle, could remember with pleasure the prophet's strain, 'The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass, with reeds and rushes.' These are most pleasant prospects, which the Christian philanthropist can most gladly dwell upon. With respect to our mission at Gorruckpore, hundreds of children from our various orphan establishments, as they grow up to be men and women, will find here a comfortable home; and we trust to see a community rising up here providing for all their own wants, raising their own supplies, exercising amongst themselves all sorts of trades, and standing out in strong contrast with the idolatrous multitudes who surround them on every side. All the Benares boys who do not exhibit sufficient ability and intellectual powers to induce us to form considerable expectations from them, will, after learning to read the Scriptures well, and to render a reason for the hope that is in them, be transferred to Gorruckpore; there must still remain a goodly number, from whom we trust many a useful native catechist and missionary may be supplied."

Here Mr. Wybrow, the secretary, became acquainted with William Churn, the native catechist, of whom an interesting account is given in "Indian Blossoms." He says, "I have been deeply interested with his earnestness in addressing souls, and not a little

amused with the Oriental dress in which his ideas are communicated. For instance, when addressing a Faquir, who had not a kowrie* in his possession, I have heard William, with true Eastern amplification upon politeness, begin his exhortation with '*Ai Mahary,*' (Oh! great king.) In conversation with Churn, I became aware of the following pleasing fact, which will at once show his faithfulness as a preacher, and afford an instance of the allegorical method by which Oriental teachers strive to set forth truth. William Churn was on a missionary tour in the Oude territory, when he fell in with a number of men who decoyed him from the road, saying that they would bring him to their village, where he would have an opportunity of saying all he wished. When they had withdrawn him thus from the observation of all who might have helped him, they threw off the mask, and appeared in their true colours, a band of Dacoits (robbers); but before any deed of violence, they demanded of him whence he came, where he was going, and what was his purpose. Alas! thought he, my last hour is come, and these murderers will plunder me, let me then die in my vocation, and spend my last moments as becomes a teacher of the truth. 'Ah!' said he, 'I

* A small shell, of which it takes several hundreds to make sixpence.

heard information that some of my '*bhai log*' (relatives) were sick, nigh unto death, of a most malignant disorder, and having procured medicine of most efficacious kind, suited to their complaint, I was all in haste carrying it to them, when you thus arrested me.' This naturally drew on further inquiry, when William, in all love, declared that they, even the Dacoits, were his brethren, sick unto death of the disease of sin, and proposed that they should avail themselves of the Gospel remedy, the efficacious nature of which he endeavoured to exhibit. Much astonished, and struck with involuntary respect, the rude marauders did not harm a hair of his head; they led him to a place of safety, and honourably dismissed him, and bade him in peace pursue his way."

I would that I could reflect with equal satisfaction on the walk of the mass of the native Christians, as on the godly life and conversation of this faithful brother. It appears that it was about this time that the health of Mr. Wilkinson and of a young family that were springing up around him, began to give way. At the close of the year 1839, after the clearance of the jungle at the farm, an epidemic fever broke out amongst the native Christian flock, of whom scarcely one escaped sickness or death. The loss by the *latter* amounted to one hundred souls. Mr. W's exertions to relieve his flock proved too much for his

strength,* and the issue was his own severe illness. He was thus obliged to leave the field of his labours early in the year 1840, to try the effect of sea air upon his weakened constitution. A sea voyage to Arracan † seemed to restore him to health, and when he left Calcutta hopes were entertained that many more years of usefulness might still be before him. But before his arrival at Gorruckpore, disease began to reappear in his frame, and it was soon evident that a more permanent change was absolutely necessary. He proceeded with his family to England, with little prospect of ever being able to return to India, and bade his last farewell to his loved flock, which was intrusted to the charge of the Rev. F. Wybrow.‡ The career of that good and able man was also soon brought to a termination by a somewhat imprudent exposure of himself in pitching his tent on the banks of a tank during the rains. The highest hopes of his usefulness had been formed, for he wrote to a friend at Calcutta, shortly before his death, "I read with ease, converse with the people, and preach extempor-

*He was often up to his knees in water, with high fever upon him, burying and tending the native Christians.

† A flourishing district on the eastern coast of the bay of Bengal.

‡ For some time previously Secretary to the Calcutta Corresponding Committee.

aneously to the Christian flock, which is a thing I had not ventured to anticipate so soon."

His sudden and apparently untimely removal left the mission for a while in an orphan state. It was however soon relieved by the Rev. C. B. Leupolt,* who had charge of it for a twelvemonth. It subsequently came under the superintendence, at first for a short period, of the Rev. J. C. Wendnagel and J. P. Menge, two natives of Germany, the former of whom was soon obliged to leave from ill health, and died on his voyage home. The latter continued to superintend the mission with much faithfulness and diligence and some success, but single-handed, till 1854, when he too was compelled to leave the mission, which contained some two hundred souls. Its subsequent history has been a chequered one. It has for the last few years been under the care of a young, but devoted and able missionary, the Rev. H. Stern, who, however has at last been compelled to leave his few sheep in the wilderness, under the protection, such as it is, of a Hindoo Rajah, in consequence of the temporary abandonment of the station during the late fearful insurrection of the Bengal army.†

* This active and devoted missionary has for the last twenty-five years been labouring at Benares, and has published the result of his labours in a little work entitled "Recollections of an Indian Missionary," now out of print.

† The subsequent history of the mission is given in an appendix.

But to return to Mr. W. and his family. The following letter was written to his little girl in England, to inform her of his intention of returning home.

"Gorruckpore, August 8th, 1840.

My dear M.,

I think, my dear child, your little heart will bound with joy when you read the following sentence. God willing, your papa and mamma will sail from India for England, in all probability in January next. It is the state of my health, dear M., that makes this step necessary. The epidemic fever with which it pleased God to visit us last year, has not yet entirely left me. I get an attack about every twelve or fifteen days, which has reduced me to such great weakness that I am wholly incapable of labour. I trust that the sea voyage will, with God's blessing, restore me, and that we may both arrive in England well and strong. Our return to India will depend on circumstances. I do not at present think it likely I ever shall return. But in this, as in all things, my dear child, I shall watch, and wait to know the will of our heavenly Father. Your dear mamma will write something to our dear friends.

From your affectionate Father,

M. Wilkinson."

Before concluding this portion of our narrative, it

may be interesting to give a few extracts from a journal penned by Mr. W. on his trip to Arracan.—

"Embarked on board the H. E. I. C's. ship Amherst, bound to Arracan, on Sunday morning, Feb. 9th, 1840. This step, which is considered to be necessary, and advised by my medical attendant, is to me very painful. My dear wife had not left her bed after a premature confinement, in consequence of which the mother and child both suffered much, while I myself was so weak that I could scarcely crawl up the side of the ship, my mind enfeebled, and but just able to collect my thoughts sufficiently to commit myself and all I had left to Him who can alone help them."

"14th. In five days reached Khyouk Pheo, on the coast of Arracan. The station is situated on the lowest point of land, the greater part of it being a mere bog, which is quite enough to account for its unhealthiness. The surrounding hills stand in beautiful contrast, and seem in every way eligible for locating Europeans."

"16th. Sunday. Having arranged for divine service, went on shore at half-past six a. m., service commenced at seven, forty-two persons present. After service baptized the child of a serjeant major. Remained on shore during the day at Lieut. Harrison's. Mr. H. is an excellent Hindustani scholar, and was engaged in the translation of several articles on religi-

ous subjects. Read a work on 'the Evidences of Christianity,' which Mr. H. had translated."

"Tuesday. Went on shore early in the morning, and baptized Mr. H's. child. Remained with him during the day, and had much useful conversation. A Capt. P. dined and spent the day with us. Saw two children, orphans, who were supported by Mr. H., and for which he was led to make a future provision. They were of the Mehtar (Sweeper) Caste. After a little consideration of the impracticability of my taking them with me, it was determined on leaving them with our dear brother Sandys.* They were both, on being told of my intention, willing to go with me. Poor little things, any and every one seemed alike to them."

"On Thursday we received orders to sail, weighed anchor about sunset, and started with a fair wind for Akyâb, a military station, seventy miles east of this."

"Friday. Arrived and anchored at A. about midday. Recieved a note from an old Gorruckpore friend —Lieut. (now Major,) Phayre, inviting me ashore, which I thought it right to decline, on account of my health."

"Saturday. Made arrangements with Mr. P. for divine service in the government school house, and

* At Calcutta, where this excellent missionary has been many years labouring with considerable success.

slept on shore at Mr. P's. Had much interesting conversation about the Arracansese, or Orakenites, as they call themselves, from Orakene, the real name of the province; and also respecting the hill tribes, whom Mr. P. had visited, and of whom an interesting account was given in the 'Calcutta Christian Observer.'"

"Sunday. Had divine service at seven a. m., fifty persons present. After service baptized a drummer's child, and read the funeral service over a drummer, who had died the evening previous of abcess in the side. In the evening baptized two children of the under school master, in the school room. Dined with Dr. C., had a long conversation with him about lay baptism, he having had his child baptized by the commissioner. I begged him to have it re-baptized, assuring him, as my belief, that lay baptism conferred no religious privileges, and that unless it were re-baptized, in case of the child's dying, it would be buried as a heathen." *

"Monday. Colonel H., who had come with us from Khyouk Pheo, reviewed the local battalion of *Mugs*, as we call them, or Orakennese. They are considered

* This may appear a somewhat arbitrary settlement of what is, perhaps, an open question; but owing to the want of regular ministrations in many of the smaller stations of India, a laxity on these points had at that time arisen, which Mr. W. much lamented and opposed.

to have acquitted themselves with great eclât. In the evening dined at the mess, and slept at Dr. Clarke's. The Arracan new battallion of artillery were reviewed and gave great satisfaction. Went with Mr. P. to the monastery of the principal Phungis (Priests). I was surprised at the motley mixture of furniture in the temple. Besides a host of images of Budh, &c., there were English candlesticks and wall-shades, decanters and finger glasses, with other innumerable nondescript utensils, placed near the principal figure of Budh, and filled with water. On inquiry, I found that the offerings were to the departed spirit of Budh, whom they consider no more than a very holy man, the same as their Phungis. They are evidently atheists, though inconsistent, as all atheists are. They believe that by performing a certain number of virtuous acts, they will attain to the negative blessedness of annihilation. Deliverance from the evils of the present state is all they hope for. In the evening saw four Arracan native Christians. Had a long conversation with an old man and his son. Their whole number is about twenty. When they found I was neither to remain with them nor to return, the poor old man's eyes were suffused with tears. Their hopes had been excited at my appearance among them, and now their hearts sickened at the disappointment."

"Thursday. Left this evening for Calcutta."

"Sunday. Had divine service on board. Arrived at Calcutta on the 6th of March, (Mr. W's birth-day,) after a very pleasant trip of one month, within two days. On my arrival went to Mirzapore, thence to Agurparah, where I found my dear wife, who had gone to Agurparah for change of air and scene, which had much restored her. We remained with the Archdeacon (Dealtry,*) till our leaving for Gorruckpore."

Mr. Wilkinson has omitted, in the above journal, an incident of his short voyage, which is worth recording. On board the vessel in which he sailed there were about seventy Thugs,† who usually effect their horrid object by skilfully slinging a noose over the poor victim, and in less than two minutes he is a lifeless corpse. Mr. W. felt much commiseration for those poor creatures, who were kept in close confinement; and he obtained permission from the captain for about twelve of them at a time to be allowed to come on deck; and so confident did he feel that they would not hurt a hair of his head, that he allowed them to throw the noose over his own neck, to show him in what way they performed the savage deed. Such was the influence

* Now Bishop of Madras.

† These infamous votaries of the bloody goddess Kali, are too well known to need description.

which he had obtained over these wretched creatures by his kindness to, and interest in them.

Another curious incident, omitted in the above, is also related by him in a subsequent diary, written on his way back to his old station.—"During my stay at Khyouk Pheo, a singular ceremony took place at the blowing up of a Phungi (dead). I was told he had died about twelve months before; that, as the custom was on the death of a priest, he was beaten with cudgels to a mummy, put into a coffin, which was then filled with *castor oil!* nailed down, and housed for several months. He was then taken out, and the mass formed into a human figure, and filled with every kind of combustible matter, and put by again till money could be collected sufficient to cover the expenses of the costly festival which is held on the occasion of the explosion. This I witnessed in the presence of a great multitude. It would seem that this method of destruction is employed to symbolize their favourite, and as far as I could learn, distinctive doctrine of annihilation. To this state of blessedness all may attain by practising a certain amount of austerities and virtuous acts. 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,' (adds Mr. W.,) 'who hath begotten us (Christians,) again to a living hope, through the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'"

Christians! the glorious hope ye know,
Which soothes the heart in every woe,
While heathen helpless, hopeless be,
No ray of glory meets their eye.
Oh! give to their desiring sight
The hope that Jesus brings to light.

So untiring and incessant was Mr. W. in his efforts to win souls to his Saviour, that he never, during all his sickness, while on his tour to Arracan, or again in returning to Gorruckpore by the river steamer, omitted to hold divine service as often as practicable. He remarks in his journal of the latter voyage, "These opportunities in time of sickness, when obliged to leave one's own immediate sphere of action, are very refreshing, and so far as they may be useful to others, reconcile us to such temporary separations. Praised be God, 'who in all things maketh us to triumph in Christ Jesus, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place.' The next Sabbath I hope to spend with *my own people at home.* May I go there, after the long absence, in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace."

Further on he writes, "My dear friends will be sorry to hear that my dear wife and myself have both had renewed attacks of fever. My wife, during the first part of our voyage (up the country,) and myself during the last part. My own attacks, which continued five days, were some of them very severe, and my

spleen is again affected. Leeches have relieved me, but I am since under a course of spleen medicine."

On the 10th he arrived again at Gorruckpore, "Thankful for ten thousand mercies, and deeply humbled under the afflicting hand of God." It was but a few months' interval that he was allowed to spend in this long-loved and much blessed scene of his labours. His disease (ague, with intervals of dysentery,) returned with greater force, and in September, 1840, he was at length compelled finally to leave his beloved charge at Gorruckpore, not however before having secured from the committee the promise of two missionaries to supply his place. It was never permitted him by an all-wise Providence to re-visit the spot where his labours had been so signally successful. But the memory of his disinterested and indefatigable exertions still lives embalmed in the hearts of the native Christian flock, gathered together by his exertions; and he being dead yet speaketh in the schools, the farm, and the pretty mission church, which was planned, designed, and built by his constant and prayerful contrivance and care.

But the chief witnesses to Mr. Wilkinson's labours, and crown of rejoicing, will be the ransomed souls whom he was the blessed instrument of gathering into the garner of his heavenly Master. Nothing is meant in the way of depreciating the labours of those

good and no less devoted men who "have entered into his labours;" at the same time there is an especial honour due to those who, whether in temporal or spiritual matters, act as pioneers in any great work, or who have to lay the foundations of the temple of Christianity upon which others build, often in the midst of great difficulty and not a little danger. But blessed be God, the work is His, results are in His hands, but the command is ours, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And though "the harvest truly is plenteous and the labourers are few," yet let us "pray therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest," so that "He that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together," when they "come again bringing their sheaves with them."

CHAPTER V.

Home Scenes.

MR. WILKINSON'S frame had become so shattered, and his constitution so debilitated, as well as those of his faithful partner and young family, that many doubts were entertained by his friends, both in India and England, of his recovery; but the voyage home proved of so much benefit to them all, that almost immediately after his arrival in England, he was able to attend to ministerial duties. These, however, were for a long time confined to two small villages in the county of Suffolk, near his native town, Ipswich; but still his heart was in his long-adopted country, India, where so many of his family had been born, and all his best days had been spent. He never lost sight of the prospect, or gave up the hope of returning once more, should it please Providence to open a way for him. Three years however elapsed before this opening appeared sufficiently plain. Meanwhile he aided the cause of missions by speaking, as often as

his strength permitted, at missionary meetings. His health, however, was for a long time very unsettled, and required much careful nursing, which his active habits somewhat interfered with.

The first two years were spent successively at Henley and Holbrook, in Suffolk,* in the neighbourhood of Ipswich, and in frequent intercourse with many long-known and highly-valued Christian friends, who had watched and admired his character and career from early life. One of these was that honoured servant of God, and friend of Simeon, Venn, and Scholefield, the Rev. John Thomas Nottidge, whose life was indeed one long course of Christian consistency and self-devotion.† Many were the hours of Christian intercourse which both Mr. Wilkinson and the writer were privileged to enjoy under his roof.

* At this pretty village he assisted, for nearly two years, the Rev. J. B. Wilkinson, the late Rector of the parish, who for nearly twenty years was the faithful pastor and friend of his people, and with whose kindred spirit Mr. W. had much in common.

† His most valuable correspondence, edited by the Rev. Charles Bridges, who was a connection by marriage of the late Mr. Nottidge, and author of the beautiful devotional commentary on the 119th Psalm, is a manual of spiritual experience, and a monument of piety and discretion, worthy alike of their author and editor.

There were moreover many others,* who looked up to Mr. Nottidge with filial reverence, and whose piety and labours of love made Ipswich a scarcely less favoured locality than Olney or Clapham in days gone by. The annual reunions, which for many years successively have taken place every new year's day, took their origin from the spirit of Christian love and zeal so rife in those days, when clergymen from all the neighbouring parishes met around the table of the Lord, after hearing from one of their number an edifying lecture, usually the last of a series, on some experimental subject.

In two of these festivals Mr. Wilkinson was privileged to take part, and his loving spirit was much refreshed by them. It was towards the close of this period that Mr. Wilkinson commenced two little works on missions, which bear his name, and have obtained some little celebrity as useful manuals.—"Indian Blossoms;" or, Memoirs of Native Indian Converts, and Letters from some of Mr. W's own Children in

* Among these the writer cannot refrain from mentioning the Rev. — Reeve, now Incumbent of Portman Chapel; the Rev. Henry Lumsden, so long the active and zealous advocate of missions in Ipswich; the Rev. Thomas Davidson, late Rector of St. Helen's, Ipswich; and the Rev. Robert Whytehead, author of "A Key to the Prayer Book," "Christ our Example," &c. &c.

the Faith: and "Sketches of Christianity in North India." The first of these became a special favourite, and contains some deeply interesting narratives of, and affecting letters from, native Christians in India. The two written by the old Sheikh to his spiritual pastor, are among the most touching for their warmth of affection and Christian simplicity. As the work has for some time now been out of print, it may be worth while to extract one or two of these.—

No. 2.

"To my honoured Father in God, M. W.

Peace from God and His Son Jesus Christ. May the respectful salutation of an unworthy old man of the earth be acceptable! Furthermore, as long as two affectionate hearts live in daily, respectful, though familiar intercourse with each other, the full strength and sweetness of friendship is not known. But when the hand that united these hearts, for reasons known to Himself, separates those hearts to almost an infinite distance of space, then heart goes out of itself after the other heart, and the fulness of affection, each for each, expands in its search after, and longing for return and re-union. This old man has felt this from the moment you were taken from us; and my soul constantly pours out itself in longings for your return; and I pray to the Father Spirit,

holy and true, to restore you to India soon, very soon, in the vigour of health and the full bloom of youth. The days of my strength and beauty are gone into the heart of eternity, and I am gently drooping and bending with the weight of hoar locks, and the sorrows of age, to my mother earth. If you will return this year, these eyes may be brightened with one more sight of you. If your health should cause longer delay, these eyes will meet those eyes no more in time's tabernacle. Our hearts were gladdened with news from the shores of Bengal and Madras; but since then not a whisper have we heard of you. Alas, alas! everything remains here much as you left it, save one sad event:—our shepherd, with his staff in his hand and sandals on his feet, has walked over the Jordan of death to the Promised Land of Canaan, leaving us poor sheep in the wilderness. Blessed be God, the pasture is not quite withered; the rivulets, and streams, and running brooks of living water are not quite dried up; and we know that the Fountain never fails; so that while we sorrow for our earthly head our Heavenly still lives, and we see Him. We are the garden of the Lord, and if His sun shines upon us, we shall remain fresh (green) and flourishing.

"For one year more I will continue to look for and expect you: till then, may the land into which you scattered the seed remain like a well-watered garden,

and may this little bed of earth, my heart, be every moment refreshed. If in a short time you should not return, bid me to England, and I will go, just have an interview, and take my leave of this world for ever. Every day is a year to me, because I am left thus alone.

"There is nothing like love. It is stronger than death. It will live for ever. May love divine fill my soul! May the Holy Spirit evermore dwell in this heart, and make it ready for death—ready to meet judgment—ready to inherit heaven! Forget not this old man, and pray that the sickle may not do its work till the corn is fully ripe. And should this one sheaf be gathered in soon, and be safely deposited, yet forget not the thousand that still remain ungathered, unripened, uncultivated. Still remember that the harvest is great, and few the planters, and few the cultivators, and few the reapers. May many, very many, enter into your labours, when this now tottering staff shall be broken! And may you be crowned, when the great harvest of the world shall come! May this reach you from this slave of earth and dust.

"Written A. D. 1841, 19th of the month.

Sheikh Raji oo Din."

No. 1.

"To the Christian Church in England,

this Christian letter is written. The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost grant you help and wisdom, grace and peace. The name of God our Father and of our Saviour Jesus Christ is supplicated in every house. May this same God our Father, and Jesus Christ our Saviour ever give you all the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit! I ever give thanks to my God that the grace of God for this reason has been given you, that you being in Christ Jesus, called and faithful, might send the same grace into all the world. God, the holy, just, and good, has called you, and in all spiritual things so abounded towards you, that His glory, and the glory of His Son Jesus Christ may be everywhere seen, known, and adored.

"O my brethren, I beseech you all for Christ's sake, to leave your land of light, and come to this land of darkness. Come to India! Our Lord and Saviour commands you. Is it not written that the stray sheep of Israel shall return, and that the kingdom of heaven is near? We are wanderers from God, we are perishing in our sins, we are hastening to judgment. O come, come over and help us. It is written, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' The whole of India, all my poor Hindoo brethren, are sick and dying, for want of the elixir of life. Of this I have drunk, and still continue to drink. I have often, very often, wished to go to England to thank you;

and I desire to go the more because my father and mother are gone. But this cannot be. I must stay here, and preach the Gospel. Now my father and your reverend brother is gone to England, my request is, you will not let him go back alone. Do you quickly return with him, and help him to fill the land with light. God the Holy Spirit will be with you. Let not covetousness keep you from coming here; spiritual food sustains you; God's treasury is everywhere. Do not be buried in the thoughts of what it will cost you—of the sacrifices you must make. It behoves Christians to be satisfied with *spiritual* food.

"To conclude, let this letter be read to those churches to whom God has given abundance of this world's wealth. It behoves such to place God's money in God's treasury. If they bury it in their own houses, God will make the rust consume it, and the thief to dig it out. It is written, 'Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, where neither moth,' &c., and 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' Amen.

"This letter leaves Gorruckpore for London, in the year of Christ, 1834." *

The second work above referred to, was a larger

* This was probably written by William Churn, afterwards a native catechist at Agra.

and more systematic one, entitled "Sketches of Christianity in North India." It was published at a time when little was in print on the subject in a compact form, and has been found a very useful summary by many well able to judge. Since then other works have appeared, which, though not superseding it, have somewhat lessened the sphere of its usefulness,* at least as a handbook of reference. The connected and chronological outline which it gives of the rise and progress of the Gospel in India, has not been supplied, until the publication of the last work; and it seems desirable that either a re-print of this or some other popular work on the subject should be forthcoming. An extract from the preface will serve to show its design and character.

"Over the continent of India, teeming with human beings, whose destinies for eternity roll on with the stream of time, the Christian philanthropist has long cast his eye, and with an intensity of interest known only to him who has felt the value of a Saviour, watched the united efforts of the Christian Church to wrest the abominations of idolatry, and witnessed with concern the zeal and lives of missionaries, together with the funds of benevolence, poured out on the

*"Long's Handbook of Bengal Missions." "Mrs. Weitbrecht's Missionary Sketches." "Kaye's Christianity in India."

altar of faith without producing those results which anticipation in the fulfilment of prophecy delighted to recognize as near at hand. That, however, which the mere politician and sceptic would denominate a failure, is nothing more than the barrenness of the ground between the periods of sowing and germination, and cannot, by the servants of the blessed Jesus, be regarded as the sterility of the soil. Holy men of God, and full of faith, like Brown, Martyn, Corrie, and Thomason, have cast the seed, and 'entered into rest,' in the sure and certain hope that the time shall arrive when sower and reaper shall rejoice together. Others are now humbly following on their track, and though the season of sowing is not yet past, they are occasionally delighted to see, here and there, an oasis spring up in the moral desert, surely indicating the approach of Messiah's reign, and which shall encroach on the surrounding wastes, till the wilderness shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, and the desert sing for joy. For Jehovah hath said it, that "*As* the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater, *so* shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth ; it shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.' (Isa. v. 10.) The Lord hasten it in His time."

Again, Mr. W. commences the Sketches by saying, "An invaluable history of the spread of Christianity in South India having been given to the world by the Rev. Mr. Hough, formerly Chaplain to the H. E. I. Company, many have been led to inquire for a history of Christianity in North India. The following Sketch is intended to supply the want."

These literary labours did not, however, interfere with his more direct ministerial work. In a letter dated October, 1841, he writes, "I am indeed now fully occupied, both in and out of the parish. Besides visiting, I have to preach three times a week, and I often go out. Last week I went to Helmingham, (ten miles from Ipswich,) to preach a missionary sermon. To-morrow I preach here, and on Friday and Saturday have engagements also."

Again, Dec., 1841, "My time has been fully occupied, and I now embrace this as the only probable time I shall have this week, which is fully forestalled." Notwithstanding all this activity at home, he proceeds, "I fully intend (D.V.) going out to India again after the period of my furlough is expired." This however he was obliged to abandon for the present. Thus he writes, Feb. 24th, 1842, "My connection with the Church Missionary Society is dissolved, and I am, (D. V. *i. e.*, nothing occurring in His Providence to alter that view, now taken by my friends,) to end my

days in England." With reference to the future prospects of one of his sons, (of whom he had three above fifteen years of age,) he proceeds to say, "I feel it greatly important, that you should solemnly, seriously, and earnestly, with devout and anxious prayer, if you have never really prayed heretofore, wait upon God, and ask Him to tell you, in some way, if it be His will that you should enter the sacred ministry of His Church. Much as I desire it, heartily would I abstain from advising you to do so, while you have not evidence that your own soul is under the saving influence of God's Spirit. I know, after twenty years' deeply painful, yet profitable experience, what the work of the ministry is, what its desirable qualifications, and much as I should feel honoured of God in your being conscientiously devoted to it, I would rather see you in the humblest walks of life,—anything rather than a minister of the Gospel, if destitute of the grace of God. Wait therefore upon God in humble, earnest prayer."

On the subject of confirmation he writes, June, 1842. "I do humbly desire that you should be confirmed, in the full meaning and understanding of what that ordinance implies. The *very word* implies a something already done, which needs confirmation; that, as you have received Christ the Saviour to be your Lord, so you would abound more and more;

rooted and built up in Him. (Vide Greek original.) So may it be with you, dear boy. Give God your heart more fully, more decidedly, more unreservedly; keep back nothing, make no reserves, no stipulations to serve on such and such terms. Let the surrender be entire,—body, soul, and spirit; yourself, your whole self, and all you have and are. Give to God your whole heart, just as it is, with all its pollutions. Do not think of dressing it up for acceptance. Give it just as you feel it to be, and ask God in His love and pity to cleanse it of all pollutions. Say to your Saviour, in the confidence of faith, 'Lord, *take* this heart of mine, for I cannot give it Thee, and Lord, keep it, for I cannot keep it myself.'" *

Again, "I wish that you would borrow from some one 'The Domestic Portraiture.' It is among Bickersteth's Family Library. Some of the hints in Mrs. Fry's letter are very valuable. But after all you have the best possible chart to guide you through the sea of life in your Bible. 'Nocturnâ versati maun, versate diurnâ.' Follow it, and you cannot err. 'Father, sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.' Maxims are very well, and the best moral ones are to be found in the Book of Proverbs. Therein the world is put before you in the character and attire of an

*An extract from St. Augustine's Works.

harlot, whose ways lead down to death. 'Avoid her, pass not by her,' &c. Herein exercise yourself, to have a conscience void of offence both towards God and man. Write to me when you have leisure, and tell me all your heart. It will find a place in that of

Your affectionate father,

M. W."

This was written to the eldest son, who was now at college. Shortly after this, *i. e.* about April, 1843, Mr. Wilkinson and family left the South East of England, where he had spent many happy and useful days with the Rev. J. B. Wilkinson, Rector of Holbrook, for a small but independent sphere in the North, near Keswick. The scenery of this lovely spot cheered and impressed him much, for his house was embosomed in trees, and faced Skiddaw, on the opposite side of the Bassenthwaite Lake, having Keswick and Derwent Water on the right hand.

The nature of the soil he was thus called upon to cultivate, in a spiritual point of view, may however be judged of from the fact that upon making his first round of ministerial visits, he was on one occasion greeted in the broad tongue of the country by an old crone, who sat rocking herself in an American chair, "Weel is that you? Coom alang, sit ye down, and tak' a drop of spirit." The congregation would often too be grievously thinned if an unlucky fox passed

by while service was going on. This state of things, however, gradually improved, and before leaving, he was privileged to see several unmistakeable tokens of his usefulness to this long-neglected flock. But his heart was still in India, and after labouring in this quiet spot for about a twelvemonth, an opening presented itself. A warm and liberal friend of missions at the close of the first Sikh campaign offered a large sum of money if the Church Missionary Society would establish a mission at Kotegurh, near Simla, in the Himalayas, as an outpost of the ceded districts of the Punjab, being on the highway to Ladak and Chinese Thibet.

The following letter, addressed to one of his sons, then at school at King William's College, Isle of Man, which had very recently been all but burnt to the ground, not only makes allusion to that event, but also broaches the subject of his return to India.

"My dear J.,

Your circular, as William calls it, much excited us, and more especially his letter. However we have cause of thankfulness in the preservation of your lives. We might have been 'deprived of you both in one day.' Renew the dedication of yourselves most solemnly to God. Living or dying we are the Lord's; and whether we go to heaven in a chariot of

fire or otherwise, is matter of indifference. And if we are Christ's,

> 'Or life or death is equal—neither weighs;
> All weight in this. Oh! let me live to thee.'

"And so all your prizes are gone. Perhaps they were too highly prized. Be it so or not, look for a blessing from it, and press forward more earnestly to 'the mark of the prize of your high calling in Christ Jesus.' You have not told us whether or not you were successful this half year.

"I must now tell you, dear boy, respecting ourselves. It is decided that we return to India. *I did not seek this myself, but it has been determined for me.* The circumstances are these. The society was requested to open a mission in the Himalaya Mountains, bordering on Thibet, and the high road to Chinese Tartary, &c. Considerable funds had been raised on the spot (Simla), and a lady at Cheltenham offered five hundred pounds to send me out to establish and carry out the new mission, and promised to continue to aid it annually to a considerable amount. This would have little weight with me, but the society say that they have no one to send out of sufficient experience for the work, and therefore they have 'appointed' me. For myself I feel not at all,—for you I feel much; but I feel confident that you have solemnly given

yourself to God, and are willing to be his devoted soldier and servant 'unto your life's end,' here or elsewhere.

"Such are our plans. May God give his blessing.

Your affectionate Father,

M. W."

The following, dated Keswick, Feb. 13, 1844, will also give an insight into his views on the subject. After speaking in a humourous way of the garden and its various products, he writes, "In my *moral* garden, there are, I think, some buds of promise,—increasing attendance and attention. I have had a course of sermons; one to children, one to young men, one to the aged, and one to parents. Thus Paul plants, another will come and water, and God will give the increase.

"Another subject is our going out to India, and that of the children. I have decided on taking M. and the other three girls, and taking with us a good governess: and this arrangement the society has agreed to. As it is a good climate, I could not reasonably expect them to continue to support them at home. Kotegurh is a lovely place, forty miles N. E. of Simla, on the left bank of the Sutlej, and is considered the garden of the hills. It is six thousand seven hundred and six feet high, situated on a spar of Huttoo, a mountain nearly eleven thousand feet high, which is the beginning of the snowy range to the N. E. The

climate, for nine months of the year, is paradisaical. When I look at families, rich and influential at home, hanging on with nothing to occupy their time profitably at least, not a single object to live for, I cannot but feel thankful for the present interposition. In India my children, however situated, may be profitably and usefully occupied, instead of being burthens to others."

Writing to another friend on the subject, he says, "The committee say, 'We have appointed you,' and I say, 'so be it.' Here I am. I only wish God's will to be done in me. And what say you, dear —? I know how you will *feel* full well, but what says faith, and which will predominate? Let us pray for each other, and cast ourselves and each other upon God."

Thus climate-worn, past the meridian of life, (remarks the same dear friend,) and bent on labouring amongst the heathen, it was observed of him by an eminent friend of his, above-mentioned, "When I look upon such a man, I seem to recognize a piece of the cloak which Paul left at Troas with Carpus, and feel covered with the dust of apostolic labours."

After taking a final farewell of his friends in England, he, with his beloved wife and the younger portion of his family, embarked a third time for India, July 29th, 1844, his friends "sorrowing most of all that they should" (as there was every reason to believe,) "see his face no more."

CHAPTER VI.

The Close of Day.

BEING favoured with a quick and pleasant voyage, in little more than three months, Mr. Wilkinson again reached the shores of India, and proceeded forthwith to his station in the Himalaya mountains. On his way up the river, by the tedious process of conveyance in country boats, which anchor every evening by the river's side, his old complaint (fever and dysentery), seized him again. He writes to a friend on his way, "I have been ailing ever since we left Calcutta, and am unfit for much. I have not been, nor am I, desirous about life or death, but I want to be purified." On reaching Simla, his health being still in a precarious state, he writes,—

"Simla, July 4th, 1845.

My very dear E.,

I have been very ill, and did not expect at one time to have the privilege of writing to you

again. God has however restored me to my usual good health. Strength however is gone, and I have that to recruit. All is well. We shall in future, *i. e.*, after the rains, take up our abode at Simla. Kotegurh is a long way to be from medical aid. Wherever our abode may be, I trust God may abide with us, and make us a blessing.

Ever yours,
M. W."

Again, on a later occasion, to the same.—

"Our hearts are fastened to this world by strong and endless ties. My own heart is much weaned from everything below heaven, and ere long I hope to be there, with many gone before. I wish I could tell you of much good being done here, but I know of none. It is sad up-hill work in these hills, and yet I know that

> From these hills and lofty mountains,
> Rivers shall be seen to flow:
> E'en here the Lord will open fountains,
> And hence supply the plains below."

"The station of Simla is eight thousand seven hundred feet above the sea, and enjoys a delightful climate. It is resorted to by many hundreds of Europeans in the hot season, and being about one hundred miles from Delhi, will be still more frequented when a line of railroads shall connect Calcutta with the

Imperial seat of the doomed * Mogul race. The first European house was erected in 1807. It now contains several hundreds."

"The Himalayas placed no barriers to the superstitions of the Hindoos. One of their most celebrated shrines, situated amidst their almost inaccessible fastnesses, is resorted to by pilgrims from all parts of India, as the source of the holy Ganges. Every valley has its shrine, and every hill its demon, and the heaven-aspiring pinnacles of snow are the temples of gods of terror and vengeance, who must be appeased by painful pilgrimages. And yet man is as vile as he can be, amid the grandest scenery of the world, which is quite lost upon the besotted idolater, who, encircled by all that is grand and beautiful, bows down before a filthy, shapeless lump of iron and stone."

Many Europeans had for several years recruited their exhausted spirits, and re-invigorated their bodily powers by breathing the pure air of the Himalayas, but few had thought of the moral darkness and deformity that reign in those regions. This reproach, however, was to be rolled away. A sanatorium was formed at Simla in 1827, and the attention of Christians was

* It is almost needless to remark how strikingly appropriate recent events have rendered these remarks, penned long before.

directed to the condition of the aborigines there. After several ineffectual efforts, at the close of 1840, a meeting was held at Simla of some of the English residents, to consider what steps should be taken to make known the truths of Christianity to the Paliaries,* or hill tribes. They raised subscriptions amounting to six hundred pounds, and again applied, (without success, though strongly seconded by the Bishop of Calcutta), to the Church Missionary Society. They however themselves engaged the services of two German missionaries, one in Lutheran orders, the other a catechist and schoolmaster. Mr. Clarke, B. C. S., took a prominent part in these proceedings, and Captain Jackson, Mr. Gorton,† B. C. S., and others, were among the munificent contributors. The Rev. Mr. Procknow, (the German missionary), commenced his labours at Kotegurh in November, 1843, where premises had been prepared by the residents. It is on the high road to Tartary, in a populous district.

In the adjacent valley the Hungarian traveller Ksonia di Kiros took up his abode for five years, and engaged in the study of the Thibetian language, "where, with the thermometer for more than four

* Hill-men.

† This gentleman left £2500, which is now in the hands of the Church Missionary Society.

months below zero, he was precluded by the severity of the weather from stirring out of a room nine feet square. Yet here he collected and arranged forty thousand words of the Thibetian language, and nearly completed his dictionary and grammar."

The Church Missionary Society at length agreed to receive charge of the large funds collected, and to assume the responsibility of supporting three missionaries in the hills, two of whom were to be stationed at Simla and Kotegurh. In 1843 a lady in England, as above-mentioned, deeply affected with the appeal respecting the mission to the Himalayas, offered five hundred pounds for the passage of two missionaries, (of whom Mr. Wilkinson was stipulated as one), and twenty-five pounds per annum towards their maintenance for ten years. Mr. Wilkinson accepted the invitation to go out to this mission, and he arrived at Simla, as we have seen, in 1845. He found the mission already commenced under Mr. P's superintendence at Kotegurh, where a few scholars had been collected and taught by Mr. Rudolph ; but the opposition to education among the native chieftians was, and still is, to a certain extent, great. An orphan asylum was shortly after established, with the design to form the nucleus of a Christian community, and to be a model to the natives for improvement in agriculture and manufactures, as also to rescue many girls from

THE PARSONAGE.

the certain ruin that awaits them; as females from these parts are sold into slavery for the worst purposes. The men were found to be lazy, and the chief works of drudgery were performed by the women. The zenanahs of the wealthy Hindu of the plain had long been supplied with females from the hills. This was the chief cause of the monstrous system of polyandria,* which still prevails to a great extent. In 1844 ten pupils had been collected, and Mr. P. had begun to itinerate in the neighbourhood.

After visiting the station at Kotegurh, and finding that there was hardly room for two European missionaries, while Simla required attention as the head quarters of the mission, and chief residence of the subscribers, besides being a very populous district, Mr. Wilkinson returned to Simla, and soon commenced building schools, visiting the native Rajahs and Ranas, and collecting children and others for instruction. In this last occupation he was, at the close of the following year, joined by Mr. Wm. Wilkinson, his second son, who had in the mean while been training for the work at Bishop's College, in a scholarship of the Church Missionary Society, in that noble institution.† Mr.

* This is the exact converse of polygamy. The effects of it upon the morals of the people are even worse.

† The somewhat depreciatory views which Mr. Wilkinson at

Wilkinson's work was however of a very up-hill character, having to contend not only with ill-health, oppositions, and disappointments proceeding from the enemy without, but also being called upon to endure that bitterest of all a missionary's trials—mistrust and slanderous accusations from false or misguided brethren. Mr. Wilkinson had large views and designs, which were not always appreciated by those about him, or even those to whom he was in the habit of looking for support and encouragement. There was, moreover, a simplicity of character, and consequently a boldness of action, which occasionally laid him open to the charges of self-seeking and ambition, by those whose mediocrity of talents secured them from such danger.

Mr. Wilkinson was moreover, not merely as the senior missionary, deeply experienced in the missionary work, and as familiar with the language as with his mother tongue, but by the special appointment of the home committee, the head of the Himalaya Mission. This also raised him up enemies ; and though his friends and admirers here, as wherever he went, were numerous, yet neither he nor his exertions were for some time appreciated, as they afterwards were ; and

one time entertained of this offspring of Bishop Middleton's labours, were afterwards modified.

some lengthened portion of the remainder of a life spent in the self-denying and devoted service of his heavenly Master, and the promotion of His kingdom in the East, was embittered by the darts of suspicion and misrepresentation.

Among the designs which Mr. Wilkinson formed and for some time fondly cherished, was one which yet remains a desideratum, viz., the establishment of a college for the training of young men to the ministry in India (in connection with the Church Missionary Society). In fact, as he calls it in a letter, dated April, 1845, "A sister college, and one which is to embrace the same objects as Bishop's College, in Calcutta, which is chiefly confined to the Gospel Propagation Society."

He proceeds, "The climate is exquisite. I called on the political agent, who promised, if I would draw out a prospectus, to have it translated, and to give me letters of introduction to all the chiefs, in all twenty-five, exclusive of the other independent states. So all to appearance promises well. God grant His blessing!" The prospectus referred to was as follows.—

"Kotegurh, Simla.

Dear friend,

You are, I think, aware of the establishment of a mission called the Himalaya mission, and

of my appointment to the head of it. It is gratifying to be able to report well of its beginning. The school has been particularly successful, and boys have grown up in it, who will very soon rejoice to be transferred to a higher school, for a better education than the present master is able to give them. I have also sent a circular prospectus to the chiefs (twenty-five in all), inviting them to send their sons and those of their descendants, and promising all they could desire in a due regard to the comforts of such as they might entrust, as well as such an education in their own and in the English language, as will, with God's blessing, both intellectually and morally, benefit them. This has been well received, and a commencement made with a son of the Dharee Chief, and more are promised.

"For such then we want an institution on an extended scale. Call it a college, a high school, or, as our local committee prefer, a normal school, or aught else. The *thing* is what we want. The object, *i. e.*, the primary object, will be, to train up from among the students promising lads especially for teachers, and sending them forth so qualified and educated to their own respective states, to form and conduct vernacular schools, to be under the direction and superintendence of the institution, and regularly visited by the missionaries, which will be to them preaching excursions. Two of

my own sons,* the two oldest, will (D. V.) fill the situation of masters of the institution, under their father.

"It is evident that such an institution will require large funds, and the society only demurs till they ascertain a little of the probable support it would meet with in India. I have however no fear. In India I have never yet known an institution that approved itself fail for want of support. With this confidence I make my appeal, and let your contribution be 'as God has prospered you.' Extensive buildings will not be required at present.—A large schoolroom, with small rooms attached, as apartments for students coming from a distance; rooms for a Pundit and Llama, (Thibetian), and a residence for my two sons. In the buildings the utmost attention will be paid to the strictest economy. No unnecessary ornament or decoration for display, &c. No large salaries for learned professors, and no extravagant expenditure in any department of the proposed institution. A spot has been selected, and as soon as warranted a commencement will be made. One son I have already in India; the other will follow (D. V.) after taking his degree at Cambridge in January.

* Both either actually in connection with the Church Missionary Society, or on the eve of being so connected.

"An ultimate object which I have in view is the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Thibetian and Sikh languages, through the college establishment of Pundits and Llamas ; and also original efforts, as well as translations of scientific and other works bearing on education generally, but especially on the moral and religious interest of the Himalaya people, —a people scattered and otherwise almost inaccessible.

"An early answer is requested. Friends contributing will kindly signify to which object they wish their donations appropriated, and what share to each.

M. Wilkinson,
Official Agent."

Whatever fault might be found with the *details* of this proposal, it might have been supposed that the artless openness of the statement would have disarmed suspicion. Such however was not the case, for from the publication of this appeal commenced a series of annoyances, which effectually cramped for a time his remaining energies, and wounded his sensitive mind.

Writing home at this time, he commences with the text, "'Having a good conscience, that whereas they speak against you as evil-doers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ.' 'Hope still in God,' &c., *i. e., be silent.* This may seem a singular beginning of a letter to you, but circumstances suggest it. Yesterday I received a letter

through the secretary of our committee, addressed to me by the corresponding committee, relative to the unpleasantnesses that have of late occurred. The following is an extract. 'I am directed by the committee to send you a copy of a letter to the Rev.——, and at the same time to tell you how rejoiced they are to exonerate you from the imputations cast upon you. The committee also observe with regret, that their acts and the acts of individuals of their number, have been misrepresented, and their wishes misunderstood; but now that the main subjects of accusation against you have been set at rest in your favour, to the great satisfaction of the committee, it is their hope that the mission may henceforward prosper under the blessing of God.' I desire to make no further allusion to this most unpleasant affair. All will, I trust, end well."

This was, in fact, the only allusion he ever made to the writer of this Memoir on the subject, or, as he believes, to any one else. Thus "by well doing did he put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." Throughout the foregoing period his health was greatly impaired by fever and occasional attacks of dysentery "But none of these things moved him." Like his blessed Master, "When reviled he reviled not again," and only observed to those about him that he hoped all the pride would be beaten out of him.

What however tried him more than all, was, that the funds of the mission fell off about this time, and as the duty and responsibility of collecting these mainly depended upon him, it may be imagined how heavy was the weight of care that devolved upon him. Still he did not slacken his exertions.

He soon after (Jan., 1846), started for Kotegurh and the interior on a missionary tour and visit of inspection. He also writes home about the same time, to his eldest son, "There is a nice opening here for a head school. I have commenced one at my own residence at Simla, and again I am establishing schools from Dan to Beersheba of the hills. You must come and help me. I have also taken the charge of the English Church for six months, so that I shall now be fully occupied."

This was an anxious time for all in India, and especially in the neighbourhood of independent states, the close of the first Sikh campaign. With reference to it Mr. Wilkinson writes, March, 1846, "I have no news to tell you, further than that our army is still at Lahore, and the greater part will remain for some time to come, to keep possession and to keep down the rebel soldiery, who have been the cause of all the massacres and murders in the Punjab for the last three years, principally the Khalsa troops, and I think we shall be obliged to keep up a large force at all times." Within

three years from this time we were obliged to take possession of the kingdom in self-defence.

He was at this time ardently expecting one of his sons, who had just taken his degree, to come out and join him in his arduous work, but this was unavoidably deferred for another twelvemonth. Meanwhile Mr. Wilkinson's health was constantly failing, so that he was not able to leave home for a long time together; and the anxiety of a large and young family, who, in case of his decease, might be left to the care of strangers, somewhat troubled him. Even on this point he was enabled to "cast his care upon Him who careth for us." Thus he writes under date July 2nd, 1846, "I can in faith leave my children to Him who hath said, 'Leave your fatherless children unto me, and let your widows trust in me.' None can care for them as He. I only hope to see you before I die. Pray this be granted me." This prayer it did not please God, in His unsearchable wisdom, to answer; but of this anon. He adds, "Dear J. and H., (left in England), will be my chief anxieties, but God will order their steps.

"As I cannot possibly write to dear E. S., pray let her know that you have heard from us, and give all our much love. Tell her I have had nothing but trial since I came here, but of course it is needful, or I should have better fare. It is a signal to depart, and

when I see you, dear boy, in my shoes, I hope to be able to say, 'Lord, now lettest thou,' &c."

At the commencement of the following year (1847), he writes, "Another year has passed away. Viewing its past events, I am overawed with a sense of judgments and mercies. In a public point of view it has been the most eventful since the days of Clive. Not a single year since his time has there been so much to record in the great drama of Eastern history, as in the one just ended. At the commencement of the year all India was staggered at the fierceness of the firmly contested battle fields of Moolkee and Ferogeshah. And at the contest of Ramnugger on the 21st of January, we were alarmed with tidings of the skirmish of Buddeewâl, all against us. On the 28th of the same month, the most brilliant victory of Aliwal was given to our arms by the God of battles. Then followed a short but awful interval of suspense, till the 10th of February, and then came the struggle at Sobraon, and after five hours of carnage, not a Sikh was left on this side of the Sutlej to dispute our supremacy. On the 20th of the same month, the British army encamped under the walls of Lahore, and now we are, at the request of the Sikh chieftians, its rulers."

His feelings were more especially called forth just now by the anticipated ordination of the son above referred to. "I have," he writes, (February, 1847),

"a vivid recollection of 1823, when I was myself admitted to holy orders. It was a period of deep solemnity as well as anxiety, and I doubt not that it will be so to you. May God give you all-sufficient grace. I shall be much in thought about you, and I trust much in prayer for a large outpouring of God's Spirit upon you. God has wonderfully preserved, wonderfully kept, and wonderfully blessed us through a period of twenty-five years. On the 6th of March, if spared, I shall end my fiftieth year of life's pilgrimage. I have to sing of mercy and judgment. Yes, to sing of judgment as well as of mercy. It was mercy that sent the judgment, and mercy triumphed over it. It is sweet to look back on fifty years, and to remember all the way, &c.—Sweet as respects God's gracious dealings,—deeply humiliating as respects the state of my heart towards God. Fear not, be of good courage, and God will do more for you, and far beyond all you can ask or desire. Satan may be permitted to try you, but be assured, that 'greater is He that is with you than he that is against you.' My soul, hang thou upon God. On the 30th of May, (Trinity Sunday), may the ascended Saviour pour upon you the seven-fold gifts of His Spirit. Accept the affectionate wishes of an affectionate father. '*Vale iterum vale.*'

M. W."

It was about Christmas of this year (1847), that his eldest son, after receiving deacon's orders, arrived in India for missionary work. How ardently he was longed for and welcomed by his father's fond heart, may be gathered from a few lines he received on first landing, concluding, "God bless you, my own dear son, and bring you to us in health and safety, and in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace." Both father and son had indeed been long looking forward to meeting, and enjoying each other's society, if only for a few months. But it was not to be. The funds of the corresponding committee were low at the time, which was considered a sufficient reason for release from the understanding which had been entered into.

In reference to a reply to a letter from the secretary of the corresponding committee, Mr. Wilkinson says, "I have written to say that I yield, but decidedly *object* to your taking the charge of the school. I know it well. If you can do so with a good conscience, and your solemn ordination vows upon you, do; but remember you are commissioned of God, and have solemnly vowed to preach the Gospel, which you will not be able to do if you take the charge of the responsible duties of that large school." This advice had reference to the arrangement of the Calcutta corresponding committee, that the writer, who went

out with the ultimate view of *assisting* in the superintendence of the large educational institution ("Joynarain's College and Free School"), at Benares, should be shortly put in *sole* responsible charge, as Principal of the institution. It was thought expedient to submit to this arrangement, for the interests of the society, but the result was, that his son's health gave way under the overwhelming work and anxiety of such a charge, before time had been afforded him to learn the language, the character, and habits of the natives, or any of the varied and multiplied requisites to an efficient discharge of such a post. It was moreover proposed, probably on account of the expense incurred in founding it, to break up the Simla mission; and the idea seems to have been entertained of requesting Mr. Wilkinson, with his large young family, and in his declining health, to go down to the plains. This however was not pressed, or the short remnant of Mr. Wilkinson's days would have been still further curtailed.

To say that Mr. Wilkinson did not feel hurt at these proposals, is more than could have been expected, but that he did not utter a word against the committee of the Church Missionary Society, for which, collectively and individually, he ever entertained the warmest and most affectionate regard, is certain. In consequence of these changes, however, Mr.

Wilkinson lost the companionship and assistance of his second son, whose services in the schools at Simla were very valuable, and highly appreciated by all parties. The parting from him at such a time was, as might be supposed, one of the severest blows hitherto experienced. It seemed as if, like Jacob of old, he might exclaim, "All these things are against me." However, he writes, "Serai, March, 1848. It is a long time since I wrote to you, and now I can only write a few lines, as I cannot see a letter I write, owing to debility arising from a severe attack of bilious fever. It is a great comfort to me in the decline of life, that you are all taking up my place in Christ's vineyard. I am now journeying, with a view to recover my strength. The weather here is warm, which suits me better than the cold of Simla. W. you know is on the way to Benares. You will be very comfortable together. I hope God will give you both health and strength, and make you a blessing to many. But mind you lay yourself out for the work of an evangelist. Make full proof of your ministry. Give yourself WHOLLY to it, or you will not have the answer of a good conscience towards God. I write this in the deepest earnestness. Our missionaries generally have hitherto been doing little but *raking the dust* of heathenism, and have seldom risen from it. Dear B. is with me to read to me, as I cannot see to read the

largest print. She is a very sensible child, and a nice companion."

The last letter that the writer was privileged to receive from Mr. Wilkinson, was written on his birth day, dated "*Theog, May 16th, 1848. My very dear M., I do not think I ever felt more any anniversary of your birth-day than I do this. You will be twenty-four years of age, and in holy orders; your avowed designation, "A messenger of the church." I am drawing near to the grave, and I hope nearer to heaven; but I hope with trembling. What think you of *that*, dear M? It is a very different thing to look at eternity in the distance, than when it is near at hand. There is nothing that I can look full upon with satisfaction. My thoughts trouble me in the visions of the night, and oft I go mourning all the day long; and yet, though sometimes I am afraid, I can hang my soul on God in Christ. "'Tis Jesus, Jesus, &c." †

*A small station, where Mr. Wilkinson erected a house for a school, and place of shelter for travellers, on the road to Thibet.

† The first few words of a hymn of H. K. White's, of which he was very fond, beginning, "Oh Lord, my God, in mercy turn," and concluding with the words,

"'Tis Jesus, Jesus, there I'll cling;
I'll crouch beneath His shelt'ring wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
E'en me, Oh bliss! His wrath shall spare."

"Mine has been an eventful life. You know partly how happy I always was. Of that happiness I know little or nothing now, but perhaps I am in a far safer state. I will try and hope so. You will probably have to pass through the same or similar waters. But the time is not yet."

Thus was he anticipating his last great change. Thus he writes, even before this, to a valued friend, "December 30th, 1847. My work I regard as done, and what little I am able to do is only the last outgoing of life. May a holy preparation of heart be daily given me.

> Oh then the glory and the bliss,
> When all that pained and seemed amiss
> Shall melt with earth and sin away:
> When saints, beneath their Saviour's eye,
> Filled with each other's company,
> Shall spend in love the eternal day."

Meanwhile, notwithstanding all these aggravated, personal, and domestic trials, he was not idle indoors. He had just completed a translation of the morning and evening services of the Church Prayer Book into Hindoo. His desire, often expressed, to lay down his labour and life together was soon to be gratified, and his prayer that he might "go to heaven from the hills," was answered in God's good time and way.

> His body, with his charge, laid down,
> He ceased at once to work and live.

"On the 1st of November, 1848, Mr. Wilkinson joined in the celebration of the Church Missionary Society's Jubilee at Simla, and afterwards contemplated a Missionary excursion to a large Mela, held annually at Rampore, beyond Kotegurh; but not feeling well, and appearing to have some presentiment of his approaching end, he said, "If I go I shall never return alive." He did not however appear seriously ill, and accompanied his wife and daughter a short distance on their way, on an excursion into the interior of the country. On returning home he felt much worse; fever came on,—his medical attendant was sent for, but in vain, he soon became insensible. His two little girls, eight and nine years of age, who with a trusted native servant, were alone with him, sent for their mother and sister in haste, and they returned immediately, but not in time to see him alive. He died in the presence of his two youngest children and of the native servant above mentioned, on 6th November, 1848.

Thus did this honoured servant of God gently fall asleep in Jesus, after commending his children and family to the protecting and providing care of the God he had faithfully served. So tranquil was his departure that his placid countenance had the same sweet smile as in health. And now his happy spirit is with the God he loved on earth, serving Him without rest, day and night in His temple.

The following lines, composed by a young friend, are worth inserting.

"The warrior ceased his battle cry,
And laid him down alone to die;
His faithful partner was not nigh
To wipe the death-drops from his eye.

And was it so, and could it ever be,
That he who fought so long and manfully
Beneath the red-cross shield, should die
Without one drop of sympathy?
Ah no! One watched beside his dying bed,
Who once for him had wept, and groaned, and bled,
He would not leave his friend alone,
Whose life He'd purchased with His own,
His friend in life, his friend in death,
He watched his last, his quiv'ring breath;
And when at last he sunk to rest
'Twas but to wake on Jesu's breast.

"Dear man," (writes one who long had known and esteemed him highly in love) "who would not have loved him? The saint of God he was indeed, so meek, so kind, so pure, so peaceful, so benign; it was joy divine to see him, his eye beamed hallowed fire enkindled from above, his face was bright with, and his heart rich in every Christian virtue."

Such is the recorded testimony of one who knew him better than any but his own family, indeed considerably longer than many of them; but these dare not trust themselves to attempt the expression of their feelings of love and admiration. His funeral procession

was joined by all the principal European residents, and by many of the poor natives of India whose friend and counseller he had ever been, and in the effort to raise whom, he had spent all the best energies of a mind of no ordinary character, and a naturally robust constitution. The funeral sermon was preached by the Chaplain then officiating at Simla,—the Rev. John Vaughan, who had long known and esteemed him. The text he chose was, "I am the resurrection and the life," and there were few dry eyes in Simla Church on this occasion. The following testimony to Mr. Wilkinson's character and value as a Missionary, shall close this imperfect sketch of his career.

In a short compass his life's labours are thus summed up by one of the Calcutta corresponding Committee, who knew him best and longest.* "It has pleased God to take to Himself from labour to rest, one of the oldest, and most zealous, and active, and unwearied Church missionary labourers in India,—the Rev. Michael Wilkinson; for above five-and-twenty years he was engaged in missionary labours,—first at Gorruckpore, and latterly at Simla, (the failure of his health having obliged him to leave the former place, and after twice visiting England, to reside in the hills,

* A name that will long be remembered in India as one of the ablest and most devoted promoters of its evangelization. The Rev. R. Boswell, late Chaplain of the East India Company.

&c.,) He preserved to the last a youthful buoyancy of mind, vigour, and activity. Though at the age of fifty-one, and with a frame and health much broken by the influence of the climate and a life of labour, he continued his exertions with true missionary zeal and activity.

"The last communications received from him, state that he had made during the past year fourteen or fifteen excursions into the interior and round Simla, —visiting the different Ranaships. He had established eight schools altogether in his mission; and during the year (as he informs the Committee in a note forwarded to us since his death) had translated the morning and evening services of the Common Prayer, the Collects, Catechism, &c., into pure Hindui. He had often expressed a desire *to die in his work;* and it seems to have been fulfilled almost literally. He joined in the celebration of the Church Missionary Society's Jubilee at Simla, on the 1st of November, and contemplated afterwards proceeding on a missionary excursion to visit a large Mela,*—but felt himself unwell.

"Besides his afflicted children—a large family, of whom the two eldest are engaged in the missionary

*Religious festival.

work,* Mr. Wilkinson has, we believe, left behind him many *spiritual* children,—native converts to Christ: or who have gone before him to be his crown of rejoicing in the presence of God.

"Mr. Wilkinson befriended the cause of missions by his pen as well as by his more active labours.—His *Sketches* of "Christianity in North India," and "Indian Blossoms," are well known to many. His earnestness, no doubt, stimulated many a less ardent spirit. The writer of the Report well remembers that when his own missionary aspirations were but feeble within him, they were much warmed and strengthened by fervent appeals in the published writings of our venerable departed father."

* Both laboured at Benares and at Simla for several years, and one of them some time at Meerut.

Memoirs and Letters of Native Converts in North India.

ABDUL MESSEH.

ABDUL MESSEH, whose name before his baptism was *Sheikh Sala*, was born at Delhi. His father was a learned man, a Mahomedan, and together with other pupils, instructed his son in the Persian and Arabic languages.

At the age of twenty-one he became Moonshi (or tutor) to an officer in the East India Company's service, and at this time was so zealous a Mussulman, that he induced a Hindoo servant of this gentleman to become a disciple.

After engaging in a variety of pursuits, he went into the Maharatta country, and enlisted as a trooper in the service of one of the chiefs of the Joudpoor Raja. This step Abdul considered the beginning of God's special favour to him. While in the service, a chieftain, at that time under the command of the same Raja, was sent to murder the rival of the Joudpoor

Raja. The deed was done, and his head exposed, and carried about as a spectacle to every vulgar eye. This heathenish exposure raised in the mind of Abdul a feeling of disgust, and he resolved on quitting the army, and earning his bread in some more peaceful way, by any labour, however degrading. This determination was acted on, and he supported himself at Lucknow, by *preparing paint!* At the end of about a year he went to Cawnpore to visit his father, at that time engaged as tutor in the house of a rich native, who lived in the premises adjoining those of the Rev. H. Martyn. It was here that the Lord first met this wanderer, and turned his heart to Himself. On a summer's evening, in the spring of the year 1810, a party of young Mussulmans were regaling themselves with smoking the Hookah and drinking Sherbet (two of the luxuries of an Indian life,) in an *Hiosh*, which overlooked Henry Martyn's garden and compound. On the lawn before his house a number of poor natives were assembled with a view of receiving alms. Mr. Martyn, as he was wont, was reading to them, and explaining the commandments. This singular sight attracted the attention of these young men, and if in derision they called him fool for his pains, it was no more than his European neighbours were wont to do. Curiosity, or probably some worse motive, led them to take a nearer view of

the motley group, and to hear what the babbler was saying. Down they came, and placed themselves (as related by an eye-witness,) in a row in front of the bungalow, and at the extremity of the crowd, with arms folded, turbans on one side, and lips curled in contempt of the senior wrangler of his day.

Forming one of this light and vicious group, was *Sheikh Sala*, the subject of this memoir. His attention was arrested, his arms unfolded, his eyes fixed, his heart touched. All ended, he went home; the arrow infixed kept open the wound till the healing balm of the Gospel closed it.* He told his father frankly what opinion he had formed, and begged him to procure him some employment at Cawnpore, that he might inquire farther of these things. This led to an introduction to Mr. Martyn, and to his being engaged to copy Persian writings. He obtained a residence on the premises, without making known his wishes. Here he had the opportunity of obtaining the infor-

* The following beautiful lines of Cowper are strikingly applicable.

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd.
* * * with many an arrow deep infix'd,
My panting side was charged,
'Till I was found by one who had himself
Been hurt by the Archers. * * *
With *gentle force* soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth and healed, and bid me live.

mation he desired; particularly by inquiring of the native children (Christians,) the subject of the lessons they had learned at school. In this way he was enabled to gain some insight into divine truth.

When Mr. Martyn had finished his translation of the Hindostanee New Testament, the manuscript was given to *Sheikh Sala* to bind. This he considered a fine opportunity. Instead of setting about binding it, he set to and read it. Divine light was vouchsafed, and the secrets of his heart being revealed, he fell down in penitence and prayer before the "God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family of heaven and earth is named, and besought Him that He would grant unto him according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened by His Spirit in the inner man, &c."

He was from this time decided in favour of Christianity, but concealed his feelings till Mr. Martyn, being about to leave Cawnpore from ill health, he could no longer refrain from soliciting advice as to his future conduct, earnestly desiring to be baptized. It was agreed that he should accompany Mr. Martyn to Calcutta, where on their arrival he was committed to the care of the Rev. D. Brown, without complying with his wish.

After a lapse of five months, full satisfaction of a change of heart having been given, *Sheikh Sala* re-

ceived the rite of Christian baptism in the old church. The following is Mr. Brown's own account of this interesting event:—'On Sunday last I publicly baptized *Sheikh Sala*. It was a most solemn and heart stirring occasion. Good people of all ranks attended, and in the evening I preached on the subject. This has made a very serious impression at Calcutta. I have had great satisfaction in the event. The circumstances of his case were remarkable. May we every Whit-Sunday witness similar wonders of grace! I made full investigation, and was thoroughly satisfied with the Sheikh's account of his conversion. His Christian name is *Abdul Messeh*, servant of Christ, a particular circumstance leading to the selection of that name.'

Some Christian friends, very injudiciously wished him to go forth straightway as a Missionary. To this he respectfully objected, saying, that as he was as yet but little acquainted with the contents of the Bible as a whole, he should perhaps in ignorance assert things not agreeing with the analogy of faith. Strange to say, this most reasonable statement of his objection was construed into an aversion to labour, and for a time he remained in obscurity. At length the friend whose scholars Abdul had resorted to for instruction at Cawnpore, visited Calcutta, and being able to converse familiarly with him in Hindostanee, could not

but be delighted with his good sense and very remarkable ingenuousness. By this friend he was again brought into notice, was finally engaged as a catechist, and accompanied the Rev. D. Corrie to Agra, with the design of settling in that city. During his journey thither, an incident occurred which afforded a proof of the influence of divine grace on the heart of this pious and devoted man. On leaving Dinapore,* the boat in which Mr. Corrie was pursuing his route, went on ahead, and the boatmen took the liberty of going into the market without permission. Abdul, desirous of keeping up with his friend and patron, said to some native Christian children who were with him,— 'Come, let us take hold of the tow-rope, and draw the boat along ourselves, which when the boatmen hear of they will be ashamed and come to us.' In this way they proceeded above a mile on the bank of the river, till at length they approached a spot where a Mahomedan merchant was purchasing wood. On seeing Abdul, he asked one of the children who he was, and was told in reply, 'A Christian!' When the boat came up, the merchant said to him, 'Pray Sir, wait for the boatmen, and do not take that trouble.' 'They have behaved very ill,' replied Abdul, 'and this is the only punishment I can inflict, by endeav-

*About four hundred miles from Calcutta.

ouring to shame them.' 'But,' said he, 'for a man of your appearance to engage in such servile work is very degrading, and you no doubt must feel ashamed in the presence of so many people.' When I was of your religion,' said Abdul, 'I should indeed have felt ashamed; but I have embraced a religion whose Author was meek and lowly; and now I rather take pleasure in an employment by which the pride of my heart is humbled.' After demanding what faith he now professed, and being told it was the religion of Jesus, the Mussulman began to revile him in very coarse language. Abdul, instead of evincing the slightest resentment, embraced with avidity the opportunity which occurred of shewing his calumniator some civility. Astonished at this conduct, and completely ignorant of the principle from which it resulted, the merchant exclaimed to some persons who had assembled around him, 'See how this man has learned to disguise his feelings. I gave him abuse, and he returns civility!' Abdul coolly and calmly replied, 'This is not hypocrisy, but what I have learned in my new religion. Had you used such language toward me when I was a Mussulman, I might probably have fought with you, but now,' continued he, taking out his New Testament and referring to the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, 'I am taught to pray for mine enemies, &c. &c.' The merchant was

evidently impressed, and, after a short conversation, he requested that a copy of that Book might be given him.

On his arrival at Agra, Abdul commenced the work of religious instruction with great zeal and diligence; and as many hundred persons had flocked to the neighbourhood in consequence of a scarcity in the Mahratta country, occasioned by a terrible drought, he embraced the opportunity offered of going among them, distributing alms and inviting them to hear the Gospel, and to send their children to him to learn to read. At first, it is said, they "received him as an angel of God," but a report having been spread that he was an Arabian who wished to carry off their children, the poor people for several days refused to receive the charity which he offered, or to hear any thing from him. In the course of a week or two, they found that their suspicions were unfounded, and his public services were attended by hundreds, many of whom, on hearing an exposition of the ten commandments, cried out, 'these are true words,' and the curse of God will fall upon us if we obey them not. Indeed the congregations who assembled to hear of the new way, soon began to increase rapidly, and comprised many respectable persons, both Hindus and Mussulmen. A school was also opened for the instruction of children, and Abdul was visited every day by

persons who came to converse with him on the subject of religion, and in some instances appeared deeply affected with what they heard. One evening in particular, while the children and servants were at worship, a venerable looking man, who stated that he was ninety years of age, came to his house. During the reading of the Liturgy he knelt down with them, and as they proceeded in the service, the tears began to roll down his furrowed cheeks, and toward the end he repeated *Amen* fervently, after each petition. When prayers were ended, he went up to Abdul and embraced him. On being asked if he knew that he were embracing a Christian, he replied in the affirmative, and added, 'I have often seen the English at worship, but never understood their language; but your prayers are most excellent, and my soul has been greatly refreshed.'

The tenth of June, 1813,* is noticed in Abdul's journal as a day on which the Gospel of Christ witnessed a triumph. 'For three weeks past,' he says, 'a faqir, or religious mendicant of the *Jogi*† tribe has

* This was the first year in which Christian Missionaries were formally permitted to preach the Gospel, by the Act of Parliament on the renewal of the Charter.

† It was probably on this occasion that Abdul composed a hymn, of which the following is a translation.

come frequently to our morning worship at the school. On Tuesday the Gospel to be read in order was the 17th of St. John. The general subject of it, and especially our Lord's manner towards His disciples, arrested the attention of the *Jogi*, and the tears flowed plentifully down his cheeks. To-day he brought his wife and child, and said, I am a convert to Jesus without reserve, and began to take off his *Jogi* insigna. He first took the beads from his neck and broke the string to which the *charm* given him by his

It begins—*Kowri, Kowri, mayajori, &c.*

The world with all its glittering wealth,
Shall ne'er enthral this heart of mine;
Take it who will, or whose it is,
A better portion far be mine.

CHORUS.

Time, like a river deep and wide,
Carries lost sinners down its tide.
Your choice I cannot understand;
I'll seek a better, happier land.

Men build their houses deep and high,
And think they will for ever stand;
They've no desire to quit their clay,
And seek a home beyond the sky.
Time, &c.

Thus much in allusion to the profession of the *Jogis*, who leave their homes and friends, father, mother, wife, children, &c., and wander over the earth almost naked,—to which the following verses have evident reference.

Guru* was suspended, and broke off an iron ring worn round his waist, and to which an iron was attached. He then put on some old clothes which we had by us, and said he wished to be instructed about this way. A rupee being given to procure food for the family,

Jogi hoke jatta battawe, &c.

To be clothed in the garb of a saint, and to wear
Ashes for garments and thick clotted hair,
Is not to be holy in heart and in soul,
Or the lusts of the flesh to bring under control.

CHORUS.

Time, like a river, deep and wide
Carries lost sinners down the tide,
And Christ alone who died to save
Can bear you safe upon its wave.

To walk o'er earth's carpet, all naked and shorn,
To count over beads at noon, evening, and morn,
Is not to be holy in heart and in life,
As to overcome pride, lust, envy and strife.
Time, &c.

To bind hand and foot, and turn heels over head,
And so traverse the earth, till the body is dead,
Is not to be saved from sin, Satan, and hell,
But to pass o'er death's shadow, with devils to dwell.
Time, &c.

O come then to Jesus, He died to redeem;
The Saviour of sinners above all esteem,
And give Him your body, your spirit, and soul,
And He'll by His grace all your passions control!
Time, &c.

*Spiritual guide.

his wife went and bought a spinning-wheel, saying she would spin and earn a livelihood; and the whole family afterwards ate their dinner with us of their own accord. These are wonders in the history of a Hindu.'

Two days after, a Mussulman came to the house and asked the *Jogi* if he had really become a Christian? To which he answered, Yes. The Mahomedan then turned to the wife, and asked, 'What could have induced you to renounce your ancient religion for this Christianity?' To which she meekly replied, 'By the grace of God I have become a Christian, and though I am as yet but a babe, and unable to dispute with so learned a man, yet what I have learned and do know of the doctrine of Christ, has brought such rest and peace to my soul, that I would not but be what I am for a *lac of rupees!*'*

In July, 1814, Abdul paid a visit to his relations at Lucknow, where he was most cordially received, and readily permitted to tell his fellow sinners of the only means of escaping the wrath to come. 'My approach having been announced,' he writes, 'thirty persons, friends and acquaintances, came forth to me. Among them my father, my brother Joseph, and two brothers in law, embraced me and rejoiced greatly. After arriving at my father's house, I read the ninth chapter

* A hundred thousand, *i. e.* at 2s. the rupee. £10,000, *i. e.*, an infinite amount.

of the Acts, and explained it as the Holy Spirit gave assistance, and concluded with prayer. About sixty men and women were collected, all of whom heard with attention, and appeared pleased. My mother and sisters expressed themselves thus,—'Praise to Jesus Christ, that we who have been so long separated are again brought together. We are His sinful servants. How shall He not vouchsafe His grace unto us!' And my father exclaimed, his eyes streaming with tears, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, I a sinner cannot praise thee as thou art worthy: through the gladness thou has shown me, half my illness is removed; and I am now persuaded that thou wilt restore me to health, and deliver me from the hands of all mine enemies.'

The next morning, all my relations, male and female, having set their several households in order, collected for worship. I read the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, in which is recorded the glad promise of the Holy Spirit coming. My servant and another person then sang a hymn, with which my parents were much delighted; and friends and neighbours collected in such numbers that there was no room left. After worship, I went with my brother in quest of a larger house, which we met with within the precincts of the British Residency,* and there took up

* Since immortalized by the memorable defence it sustained under Sir H. Lawrance and Brigadier Inglis.

our abode. My relations came to me there, and great numbers of poor, and blind, and lame, came daily for charity. Those Mahomedans who had formerly been my friends, came also for the purpose of disputing, and these I answered as the Holy Spirit enabled me.'

On the 11th of August Abdul returned to Agra, accompanied by his father and five other members of his family, with several other persons, one of whom, an aged *Maulvi*,* appeared earnestly desirous of knowing the way of salvation.

About a week after Abdul's return, the Rev. Mr. Corrie, in consequence of ill health, was obliged to quit Agra, to visit England. On this occasion he writes, 'I committed the congregation to Abdul and Mr. Bowley, amidst many tears on the part of the new converts, and much sorrow on my own; but the will of the Lord is to be acknowledged in my *departure*, no less than in my *arrival* at this station.'

'During the preceding sixteen months, seventy-one natives have received baptism, of whom about one half are Mahomedans and the other half Hindus. Of these *one* has been *expelled*, *six* have *apostatized*, *four* have gone to their friends, and are, we hope, holding fast their profession. Others are occupying different stations as readers and catechists! What a picture!'

* Dr. of Divinity, or Law, &c.

It was thought that on the removal of Mr. Corrie, little more could be effected during his absence than the preservation of the infant Church collected by Abdul's labours; and it seems that only a short time elapsed before the interest began visibly to decline. Abdul, however, continued, it is believed, to bear a faithful testimony to the truth, and notwithstanding all his discouragements, to watch with unremitting vigilance over the flock committed to his care. He also devoted a considerable portion of time to the *bodily* diseases of the poor natives, for whom he prescribed, and to whom he distributed medicines gratuitously. These benevolent exertions were by no means productive of the gratitude which they deserved, as will appear from the following extract of a letter, written by an intelligent officer at Agra.

'In the course of the last two months, Abdul cured a *hundred* people, and many of them were difficult cases; yet not one of them returned to give thanks to him or to God. Not one of them thought of thanking the man who had thus been the instrument of divine goodness. When I tell you that I have reason to believe a great portion of his salary is expended in the purchase of medicines, &c., you will not think it ill bestowed. The mortality of the town has been great since the beginning of May, and still rages with unabated violence. Abdul told me that in the course

of one day, during the last month, he observed sixteen corpses carried along the narrow street that passes by the *Kattira*. I could not, he observed, see these poor people dying like dogs, without knowledge and without a Saviour, but with heartfelt grief!'

The ill-health of Abdul, (having been for a considerable time in a very infirm state), obliged him to visit Calcutta in 1820, at the desire of the Committee, and he found great benefit from the change of air. In order to improve his residence there to the Lord's glory, he left the hospitable roof of his friend and patron, Mr. Corrie, who had some time since returned to India, and took up his abode in the midst of the poor; but the place soon becoming too small, a more commodious place was hired, where from a hundred and fifty to two hundred of the most wretched of the population—the aged, the disabled, and the diseased, attended him three times in a week.

In the month of October in the same year, Abdul received Lutheran ordination, and, according to the order of that Church, was solemnly set apart to the work of the ministry. He left Calcutta in the beginning of November. On arriving at a village called *Jerret*, he had an interesting interview with one of the natives who had attained the remarkable age of *one hundred years*. "He had built a *Mosque* and dug a pond in that village," says Abdul, "and had three sons

and grandsons, having children. Supposing me," writes Abdul, "to be a Mussulman guide, he approached me with great respect; but on my relating my history from beginning to end, he was much astonished, and his own children and many of the villagers gathered around me. I asked him, 'Can you read?' He replied, 'No!' I then said, 'O Sir! I am grieved for your state. God has greatly lengthened your days, and has given you *all* kinds of earthly wealth, in riches and in children, but alas, you have not yet attained the knowledge of the true God. It would perhaps have been better for you had I not met with you, and yet, if I were not now to tell you the truth, your blood would be upon my head.' Having said this much, I remained silent. He then said, 'Pray Sir, tell me what I must do. I have done everything that I have been told by native teachers. I have dug a well, and built a *Mosque*, and given much in charity. All these external services have I performed, but from your discourse I learn that these things are all for making a name in the world.' I answered, 'I tell you in God's name, that now is your twelfth hour, and that if you will believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, you shall, without the merits of your own works, beyond all doubt, obtain salvation.' I then read and explained to him the Parable of the Labourers, who in the evening received wages alike, and I endeavoured to make known the divinity and

glory of the Redeemer. He then turned to his eldest son and said, 'What shall I do?' On hearing this, he arose, and going into the house, told the family; when the younger son came out and said very angrily to his father, 'Old man, are thy senses gone? Dost thou think of forsaking thy religion, and becoming an *infidel*, which will ruin us all?' On hearing these words, the aged Mussulman said to me, 'I tell you truly that I have heard what you have read, and understand it, and I desire in my heart to become a Christian; *but* the love of my children will not allow me!' I asked 'will your children save you from hell?' Thus I left him, and returned to my boat."

Abdul's approach to Agra was of course known, and, as it appears, anxiously expected by many. Three stages from the end of his journey, he found about fifteen Hindoos and Mohamedans who had come thus far to meet him and fervently thanked God for his return. At Ferozabad, twenty other persons were waiting for him, and during the last stage several more met him on the road, so that by the time he reached Agra he had a large retinue. Several English gentlemen also, who felt at that time an interest in the infant Mission, gave him a hearty welcome and offered him their unfeigned congratulations. 'I praised God for his mercies,' writes Abdul on this occasion, 'and straightway celebrated public worship, all uniting in a loud Amen.'

Of Abdul's resumption of his labours, Mr. Crowley, who at that time superintended the School at Agra, wrote as follows. "His returning to this too long neglected station as an ordained Minister of the Gospel of Christ, will I hope be productive of much good. This indeed is already manifest. Many nominal Christians, who, I have reason to believe have never entered a place of worship for many years past have since his arrival become regular attendants on Sabbath days. Blessed be God for His mercy. The church here is now very decently attended, including many persons of the Armenian and Romanist persuasions, and occasionally a few Hindus and Mussulmans, the latter of whom I firmly believe are induced to attend only from a knowledge of Abdul's ordination."

Bishop Heber, writing of him after his ordination, says, 'He is a very fine old man with a magnificent grey beard and of much more gentlemanly manners than any Christian native I have seen. He is every way fit for holy orders and is a most sincere Christian; quite free, so far as I could observe, from all conceit and enthusiasm. His long eastern dress, his long grey beard, and his calm resigned countenance give him already almost the air of an apostle.' *

The following year he was stationed at Lucknow,

* Compare the description of the Sheikh Raji Oo Din, in frà.

and succeeded in disarming opposition by his wisdom and kindness, while he asserted without compromise, the peculiar doctrines of revelation. In the beginning of 1827 he became seriously ill, and sent a message to the Resident requesting the favour of a visit, with this wish that gentlemen readily complied. To him he made known his desires as to his funeral, and said he had no fears of death because his Saviour had deprived it of its sting.

There is a boon to mortals given,
A precious alchemy—
Balm from the Rock, that once was riven—
Beneath whose shade for shelter driven,
E'en sinners dare to die.

Oh! may the Spirit to my heart,
This sovereign balm apply
No more I'll then, in secret start
To think of death's quick coming dart:
But calmly wait to die.

Then shall my fearless soul arise,
With songs of victory.
Triumphant hail the op'ning skies,
And in the joys of Paradise,
Exult no more to die.

The day before his death, he requested this friend to write his will. This being done, he declared to the witnesses, before his brother and other relatives

present, in a most cheerful manner and with perfect composure of mind, putting his hand upon the seal, that the seal was his! He added also, 'Thanks be to God, I have done with this world! and with regard to my mother,' putting his hands in a supplicating posture, 'I commend her to God.' He then expressed other wishes and engaged fervently in prayer. In the evening he manifested the same composure; a portion of Scripture was read and a favourite hymn sung. This he had composed a short time before;—the following is a literal translation:—

Beloved Saviour let not me,
In thy kind heart forgotten be,
Of all that deck the field or bower,
Thou art the sweetest fairest flower.

Youth's morn is fled, old age comes on,
But sin distracts my soul alone;
Beloved Saviour let not me
In thy kind heart forgotten be.

He joined in singing this Hymn and desired it might be sung a second time, but he could no longer articulate distinctly, and soon became insensible to every thing around him. He lay seemingly in perfect ease, till about half-past eight, when he raised his head from the pillow, and with his left hand took hold of the hand of his friend, then gently withdrew it and breathed his last.

O say no more, there's nought but heaven
That's calm, and bright, and true;
Say not our only portion's *care;*
That man is ever doom'd to wear
The cypress wreath of woe.

Are there not pleasures of the soul
To feeble mortals given;
Feelings so pregnant with delight,
Joy so serene, so calm, so bright,
So near allied to heaven,

That the rapt spirit has forgot
Its tenement of clay,
And fondly thought its woes were o'er,
The conflict past—and gain'd the shore
Of never-ending day?

O say no more, there's nothing true
But the bright scenes of heaven;
Yes,—there is truth in mercy's page,
Directing youth—consoling age—
Declaring sin forgiven.

O say no more, there's nought but heaven
That's calm, or true, or bright:
Bright are the beams the Saviour sheds—
The radiance that His gospel spreads
Amid the *realms of night.*

Though loud the blast, though dark the day
We oft have peace at even;
If earth can yield such pure delight,
A bliss so sacred and so bright—
How calm, how true, how bright is heaven!

ANAND MASSIH.

ANAND MASSIH, whose Hindoo name was *Puram Anand*, or (fully happy) was a native of the upper provinces. On that venerable and long tried servant of Christ, the Rev. Henry Fisher,* being appointed to Meerut, he heard of Anand from Mrs. Sherwood,† who had known him there and entertained a favourable opinion of him. Mr. Fisher's own account of this introduction is as follows :—'Mrs. Sherwood told me on my departure that I should probably find many anxious enquirers on my arrival at Meerut, and that there was one man in particular who was well worth inquiring about, naming Puram Anand.' On my arrival at my station, I there met him, with my friend Mr. F. I soon discovered by almost daily intercourse with him a simplicity and teachableness of spirit very remarkable. He was in some trouble at the time ; many of his friends and patrons having

* Late Chaplain of the H. E. I. C. S.

† The well known Author of "Henry and his Bearer."

left the station. I found him a stranger among strangers, few of whom who interested themselves about disseminating the knowledge of Christianity among the natives. He had been employed in instructing a few native scholars on a monthly salary for a period of three or four months ; but the departure of his friends left him wholly destitute of support, and involved in difficulty. He notwithstanding went on teaching, hoping and trusting in the good providence of God to brighten his prospects temporally and spiritually. 'My only refuge and relief, said he, 'was prayer ; for not only were the European gentlemen who knew me all gone, but my native friends also suspecting my Christian inclinations, forsook me, as if I were a *leper*. God only was my comforter. My faith did not fail, though severely exercised, and I often considered it would be the best plan *not* to return to my idols and my sins, but to forsake Meerut and my home, and my relations, and go to some distant land, and endeavour to teach the true religion, and the true God. Christians and Hindus all alike forsook me.' It pleased God, first of all, to bring Mr. Fisher on some military business to the Station. He had heard many things insinuated against Anand, which he was glad of an opportunity to investigate ; and being aware of the deep *prejudices* which exist against those natives who make profession

even of a *wish* to know any thing of Christianity, and which in the present more liberal and enlightened day, would scarcely be credited to have ever existed, he was determined to search into every particular closely, but charitably. No doubt, repeated disappointments and apostacies have happened and will happen. Duplicity and worldly-mindedness are frequently discoverable even after length of time; but the circumstances elicited by my friend Fisher, were sufficiently satisfactory to induce him to have a good hope of Anand's sincerity, and he introduced him to me. Few days have passed, ever since that time, without my seeing him, while remaining at Meerut at my own house and in much interesting conversation, drawing out a full and satisfactory history of his experience. His narrative always appeared to me demonstrative of that distinguishing grace of God which, unconfined to one means of grace in preference to another, can either bless the most unlikely, or wither the most promising, according to his own good pleasure. I believe a divine work is evinced in this man's soul. I have kept up my habit of committing to record, while the full impression is upon my memory, such interesting occurrences as these, therefore the substance is in Puram Anand's own words.

"I was born within 20 miles of Delhi, of the Brahmin caste. I have always been a Pundit and a

Priest among my people ever since I can remember. When old enough, I went to Delhi and settled there, and was in full employment in the various duties of my calling, marriages, funerals, preaching and teaching the mysteries of my faith according to the traditions of my fathers. Bigoted and rigid in all my opinions, I think I can truly say, I was myself fully satisfied that our images were real gods and that all other religions were false. In the year 1812, it pleased God to put into my mind that it would be well to examine into the errors of the Mussulman's faith, that I might be more satisfied of the superiority of my own. I gave myself diligently to study the subject. I examined their precepts and their practices, and convinced myself they were in the dark as to their divinity, and I was now a Hindu more on settled principles. I was a Pharisee, I said in my heart I am a good man, and I ought to be a happy man. My conscience was frequently disturbed and my peace of mind broken, and I wondered why. On one occasion, it occurred to me it will be well to examine the religion of the Sahiblog (European Gentlemen). Of course, I shall find it easy to disprove it, and it will become my duty to convince them of their error, and warn my people against their deceptions. While exercised by these desires, deeper convictions seized me, that I was not what I ought to be: the evil of my own heart

was a constant running sore, and I thought I had better try to shake off these troublesome feelings by travelling on pilgrimage to Naggerkot's holy hills; for I read one day in my holy books, that whenever a cow had been killed, that place became unholy and polluted. Delhi must therefore, I thought, be an accursed place, since this sacrilege was of daily occurrence.

'At Naggerkot the fire bursts forth from the ground, and will purify my body and spirit. I travelled thither, and remained there for seven long and weary months, exposing myself bare-headed to the open glare of the burning sun by day, and the pinching cold by night. I continually made idols of clay, to which after baking them in the sun, I bowed down in adoration. Yet this gave me no peace, but rather much pain of body and anguish of mind. Surely, thought I, something more must be done, or I shall not be cleansed from my sins and impurity. I here heard of a wonderful god preserved by Brahmins from the polluting touch of wicked men, and that by touching him, all metals would turn to gold. The place was not far off and I hastened to the spot and begged permission to behold this wonderful god. The Brahmins stood around and ordered me to retire, but believing that if this was god his power must be great and that he would be able to cleanse my heart

and make it pure as gold, I determined to try my strength and to break through all opposition and touch him. I did so, and accomplished my purpose, and rubbed my brass ring upon the idol, but it was a brass ring still. I saw that the idol was a large black stone roughly hewn into the human form with four hands. It was about two feet high. Six months in the year it is usually covered with snow, and safe from exposure, but in the warmer months when the heat of the sun has dissolved the snow, thousands crowded from all quarters to have a distant glimpse, to offer the customary tributes, and get to themselves some imaginary good by the sight. I was myself disgusted, wasted, and overcome by fatigue, and I returned home with feelings of disappointment. Yet still, strange as it may appear, I fancied I had done a meritorious act, and thereby obtained great personal holiness and purity. I actually fancied myself to be possessed of a power to bless or curse whomsoever I pleased; yet conscience told me from time to time, that I was still the same man, unholy, and impure, and my emaciated body, at the time, was only a picture of my famished soul. My faith in Hinduism was continually wavering, but I hoped, that, as my fathers had, for so many years, lived and died in this creed, I might be right, and so I persevered in my idolatries.

'About this time a Mr. C——, a conductor of ordnance at Delhi, received from Calcutta some Devi Nagri translations of the gospel of St. Matthew, and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and being anxious to read them, he directed his servant to go seek some instructed man to teach him. *Out of the millions of Delhi, God chose Me?* God guided this man to my house, and I well remember the time,' said Puram Anund, 'with a smile of exceeding delight on his countenance. It was the very night my boy was born, and Jesus Christ came to seek the father and his child.

'In the morning I went to Mr. C——, I said in my heart, now will I know what Christianity is. I taught Mr. C—— six months, and my understanding was a little opened to understand the excellency of what I read, but I knew not what to do. I was sadly perplexed, only my inclination to say a word against Christianity was gone, it departed like a dream. I felt respect and veneration for his holy Books. At last I ventured to ask Mr. C——, to explain the passages which I could not comprehend. He declined to do so, and recommended my going to a Missionary then in the neighbourhood. I went; I was kindly received and questioned about taking employment in translations, &c. I told him what I had read, and how delighted I was with the Epistle to the Romans.

He put into my hands that portion of the Bible which had already been translated into Hindostanee, to transfer into Bridj Basha the radical language of Hindostan, which is without any mixture of Persian or Arabic, and distinct also from the Sanscrit. It is principally spoken about Muttra and Agra. The Missionary did not talk much with me about my soul, appearing to think he had given me employment, which would do its own work. The word of God is the sword out of his mouth.'

Another Pundit was also engaged by the Missionary to assist in the work of translation, in which we were employed for 18 months, translating the Pentateuch and the New Testament. Puram Anand wrote the whole out with his own hand, the other Pundit caring nothing about it. He was evidently beginning to be persuaded that Christianity was truth. 'I stood,' said he, 'halting between two opinions for a long time. I told the Missionary at last that I would be a Christian; but I trembled when I said so, and in my private dwelling I was a more rigid and superstitious Hindoo than ever. I dreaded the possible consequences of the anger of my own idols. Once I remember particularly, in coming from Hardwar, where the Missionary had been to distribute books among the natives, who annually frequent the place, we had halted for the night and finished our evening Christian services. I

watched for an opportunity to have my own worship secret, and having found a convenient shade and *washed and cleaned* my idol, and set him in the place, I was busy with my prostrations and worship, when the Missionary suddenly surprised me in the midst of my employment. I was confounded and ashamed, and conscious of my own duplicity and folly: yet such was the power of my natural apprehensions, that if the Hindoo idols were really gods, their revenge would be intolerable, for my denial of their authority and power, and that they would afflict me with painful diseases or cover me with leprosy. Thus I attended the morning and evening prayers of the Missionary, and finished with my own idolatries, ere I went to rest; thinking that if I were defiled by contact with Christians, this would secure my purification. Oftentimes the Missionary urged me to be baptized, my reply was, I am not *ripe*. At other times I was exceedingly discouraged by the impatient replies of the Missionary, such as—What! not yet convinced: do you not yet understand?—and the injudicious mode of reviling the sons, for believing the absurdities and falsehood taught by their fathers. The Missionary at last was called away to some other place, and I once more returned to Meerut, to inquire if any one would care for me.

'About the year 1814, I first met with the old

farmer, Mangal Dass,* a Christian convert of Mr. Bowley's, but baptized by the Rev. D. Corrie. Mangal Dass took me to Mrs. Sherwood, she patiently and perseveringly explained to me, those passages which I did not understand. Light darted into my mind. Oh! she was my friend, she was my mother, she fixed me with God. I found and believed that all my life had been a lie, she often talked to me on other subjects, as well as religion—astronomy, geography, &c., and I often compared her excellent words, (words of wisdom) with our foolish fancies on these subjects. Her account of the sun and moon, the earth and other planets, so satisfied my understanding that I said in my heart, if in these things so wise and true, why not also in religion? Truth brightens all she tells me with peculiar lustre. I am fully convinced and desire to be baptized—to be a Christian.

'When therefore the Rev. Mr. Thomason came up the country with Lord Moira, I requested him to baptize me. The Rev. Mr. Parsons, then the chaplain said, 'Wait a little. Baptism is a little word—Conversion is a great one.' I made great choice of this remark, and I said in my heart, This is truth, this is a full expression.'

Anund's inquiring spirit would not let him rest, he

* For an interesting account of this Native Convert, see Mrs. Weitbrecht's "Missionary Sketches," pp. 465—7.

drew a comparison between the cautious and conscientious examples of Christians to admit people into the fellowship of their communion, and the indecent eagerness of the Mussulman, to invite proselytes to their opinions. How shallow, thought he, must that ground of admission be, which concedes that a man may at once be received a Mahomedan brother, who will come publicly forward to avow and confess, merely the words,—Allah ul Allah! Mahomed Russal Allah! God is the God, and Mahomed is his Prophet. The worshipper of the Prophet, as he is called, will then eat, and associate with the new convert, and he is *one* with them.

'Mr. Thomason conversed with me frequently about my desire to be baptized, and I told him on one occasion of my hope and expectation, that my wife was yielding to my endeavours to induce her to see the excellency and salvation that is in Christ, and so I might have the happiness of giving all my family, with myself, to Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of men. Mr. Thomason recommended patience, instruction, and prayer to God. I said, Yes, if I alone am baptized, perhaps my wife may leave me, or my little boy be taken from me. My friends and relations I know will forsake me wholly, but if I retain my wife and child, I shall be better able to endure that trial. May God give them to my prayers. Mr.

Thomason recommended him to perseverance, and in order to employ himself usefully, to try and set up a school, which under the kind aid and countenance of Mrs. Sherwood, he was rejoiced to do. First however he went home again to Delhi, and reasoned and argued and read to his wife, importuning her to turn away from her woful idolatries and ignorance, to the service and salvation of Jesus Christ. But she said, No! How can I forsake the customs and religion of my forefathers! How can they be wrong who have trusted so long to the same gods, and they are contented and happy? Give up these European gentlemen and their mysterious faith, and those employments which you so strangely love, and come and stay at Delhi, with me and your proper friends. Finding her resolute to remain, I was constrained to leave her for a season, purposing to renew my efforts from time to time to awaken her heart, and for the present, I returned to Meerut. On my arrival I found that Mr. Parsons the chaplain was about to leave for Calcutta, and I was much troubled in mind; thoughts arose in my heart 'If the minister leaves, who will instruct me, and who will pray for me, who will care whether I am saved or lost, and *no baptism!* for Mr. Parsons still continues to say, Wait! Fain would I have gone with him to Calcutta, and there seemed to be no objection, till a gentleman who was present exclaimed,

'No! Puram Anand, stay were you are, you must not go away, but remain and teach the people, God has elected Meerut.' There was a large congregation, principally children and women, who used to assemble at Mrs. Sherwood's house every Sunday, and Puram Anand was employed a reader in the Hindostanee language. They were generally of that caste of people who are called *Portuguese*, and profess Christianity,* though grossly ignorant what that is.

'But another trial now came on. The 53rd Regiment was ordered to Madras, and the soldiers went home to England, and I was left alone.' The Hindostanee service however was still kept up, though the number who attended was considerably decreased, Many very interesting conversations with different inquirers after divine truth were comunicated : but which (as they have nothing to do with Puram Anand's own progressive improvement, save as evidencing his increased simplicity of purpose, and zeal for Christ, and his cause, I here pass over.)

'My troubles were very great, and there were times when I was ready to yield to despondency, for no one seemed to care for my soul. My Hindu relations and friends were constantly reviling me for what they

* Otherwise known as East Indians, of whom the lowest in every way retain the name with the religion of the first Europeans who were known in India.

called my folly, they seemed to triumph over my apparently deserted state; and, I might have complained with David, who describes his enemies as boasting, "God hath forsaken him—persecute him and take him," but my consolation was that God had *not* forsaken me. He encouraged me only by his word and Spirit, not to let my heart be troubled. I prayed much, I strove to consider all my trials as only intended to prove my faith. God has suffered me to be brought into this tribulation for this express purpose, that I may know him to be my Almighty refuge and strength! Never once did I now think of returning to my idolatries, *although often severely exercised by my disappointments in not finding Christians disposed to care for me, and but for one kind and good gentleman, an officer in the Hon. Company's service, I should have been utterly forsaken of men.* I had this thought frequently in my mind, If I am forsaken of men, of Christian men, if I cannot hope to be received into their fellowship, I must go and seek for souls and try and spread the knowledge of the Bible in some other country, where so many prejudices do not prevail, and where I may perhaps earn some support: this resolution was confirmed by information which I had obtained, that in the Sikhs country there were many ready and willing to hear and receive the gospel. The Sikhs do not worship

images, but have a great reverence for a certain gurn or Priest whom they call Nanick Baba, who is highly celebrated among them for his learning and piety. He has written many books for their instruction, and teaches that there is but *one God*. They have no restriction of caste or prejudice. The 500 Testaments distributed by some Missionaries sometime since are now eagerly read, and seem to be preparing their minds for greater things. They are inimical to the Mahomedan creed, and fearfully and bitterly do they watch to retaliate the miseries which were inflicted upon the poor persecuted Hindu when the Mussulmans were in power. They vividly remember the *murders, the compelled apostacies,* the *degradations and insults* to their *feelings,* and to their *faith*.

'When Lieutenant T—— came to Meerut, it was like the bursting forth of the sun from the clouds. He told me a new chaplain was coming, who would care for me, instruct and help me; and that when he arrived, I should be comforted. My trust in God received new light from this information, and all my desponding thoughts died. In the mean time, I read the Scriptures with Lieutenant T——, and translated the Prophet Daniel.'

Mr. T—— observes,—'I received Puram Anand on my arrival with Christian affection; and he afterwards occasionally referred to it as having contributed

much to the comfort of his mind. He had free communication with me; we frequently conversed on the subject of Baptism. He spoke of his first impressions and fears, &c. 'At that time I was not in a frame of mind to receive that sacrament, on the contrary. I now long for every *outward and inward* testimony of *adoption into the family of God!*'

After a short time, he again visited Delhi. He observed in reference to this step, 'My wife is suffering from sickness, and perhaps God will soften her heart, and she will now hear me. God grant it!' On his return he gave me a minute account of the various conversations which had passed between them. 'I exhorted her, he said, to repent of unbelief and every sin—to trust in the *crucified son of God*, and that we should together enter heaven, and live with him for ever.' 'She appeared well disposed, exclaiming —I will believe in him, and if I recover, I will go and stay with you at Meerut, and try to understand this right doctrine. She is a little better, and I am come back to my Meerut school, leaving my brother (who has assisted me in the translations of the Scriptures,) to read to her and to my two sisters, who have all promised to hear and to understand the good book of God which has so much affected me.'

A letter from his brother about ten days afterwards said—'Your wife approves of all she hears, and retains

her resolution to go to Meerut and to be a Christian.' Puram Anand's joy was unbounded—'I must again visit Delhi he said, Who knows but God may bless me, and give to her the full mark of Jesus; but I have not yet, I fear, myself received it; *I long to be baptized. If I die before I receive this seal of love, I shall be cast out of the assembly of Christ! I cannot rest till this is done; once baptized and it shall be known that I am of Christ and not of the devil!*'

I questioned him closely as to the nature of his expectations from Baptism, and reminded him of the remark, which formerly affected him so much. I inquired also, what was the particular change or improvement in the state of his feelings, which made Baptism now so much an object of anxiety. He replied with peculiar animation; 'Because now I believe! I have no hesitation to believe *Jesus Christ is all!* There is no salvation out of Christ. The sooner therefore that I am in Christ, the sooner shall I be happy. I shall obtain salvation,' and much more to the same purpose on this and other occasions. Many opportunities of this kind were offered me; opportunities of instruction, and of eliciting the state of his own mind and feelings. Being fully satisfied with the extent of his scriptural knowledge of the truths of Christianity, and of the sincerity of his

heart, I baptized him, and at his own request named him, Anand Massih, joyful in Christ.

After his baptism he endured a good deal of persecution; at first his school dwindled away, though a few still continued to attend him. He soon after went over to Delhi. Some Brahmins in their rage, that one of their high caste should have forsaken them, pelted him with the gospels he had given them to read, and grossly abused him for his apostacy from their superstitions. 'I made no reply,' he told me. 'I was quietly gathering up my books and taking them away, when the policeman demanded that they should be left with him, as the Brahmins assured him that they were of dangerous import, full of magical incantations, to deceive and inslave the people.'

The particulars of this interesting man's later history, must be familiar to the readers of the Church Missionary Record. He has long been an ordained* minister of that holy religion of which he manifested such a commendable anxiety to make a profession. He is now venerable with age, and though incapable

* In 1836, by the late venerable Bishop Wilson. He was the first Brahmin, as Abdul Messeh was the first Mussulman, ordained in India. He afterwards laboured zealously for several years at Meerut, at Delhi, and subsequently at Kursâl, and lastly at Agra, where he died, not long since, full of years and honours in his Master's work.

of very active duties, is an ornament to his sacred character, as an officiating priest.

His journals of his many travels are particularly interesting, and manifest a spirit of calm, but unflinching devotedness to his divine master! His mild and peaceful character won for him more than common respect. Among the Sikhs in particular, he was really venerated. May his end be peace!

THE MISSIONARY'S HOPE.

2 Sam. v. 22.

Was it the rustle of the Breeze?
'Mong yonder leaves that stirred?
No! in the summit of the trees
The promised sound is heard—
It tells that now the Lord will fight,
By David's hand Philistia's might.

And Judah had beheld the day
On which another host—
When God brake forth, was swept away,
In "swift destruction" lost;
And the dumb idols of their trust
Were flung all broken in the dust.

Now too their strength was in the Lord:
His sign their fury sped,
Resistless lightened Judah's sword
And wide destruction spread:—
From Geber unto Gaza lay
Crushed the Philistines in that day.

So, Christian warriors of the Lord,
  So, all high things at last,
Exalted now against his word
  Shall to the ground be cast:
Your arms are mighty to throw down,
The strong holds whence hell's legions frown.

Then faint not, faint not, combat on
  In superhuman strength;
Strive—yours is victory anon,
  And triumph sure at length:
For lo, your foes begin to yield,
And fly confounded from the field.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF A NATIVE SHEIKH.

Lately received by one of the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society.

AFTER enumerating the ancestry of Koor Ajeeb Sing* up to five generations, and showing their respectability and wealth, he says, he is the son of Rajah Bahadoor Sing; his elder brother, named Davee Buksh, is at present in the Punjab, which is their native country, in the employ of Khosal Sing,who is a great chief in the service of Maharajah Runjeet Sing, and possessed of wealth and rank. He himself is possessed of rank and affluence, and therefore is not influenced by any worldly motives to embrace Christianity. This Koor Ajeeb Sing, who applies for the rite of Baptism, goes on thus to say:

'Padree Anand Massih Sahib was intimately acquainted with my father and family. It is now twenty-two years that he, Anand Mussee, placed his faith in Jesus Christ for the remission of his sins.—When Padree Anand Massih used to come to Shajanabad, he used to preach before my father, myself, and some others, in very sweet language. Influenced by the pure words of this blessed Gospel, which I have

* A convert of Anand Massih's.

heard for the last three years, I have been reading it, and having abjured all lies and evils from my heart, I confess implicit and ardent faith in this Gospel, and through its blessing and holy influence, I feel convinced that worldly wealth is nothing but a dream that passeth away: I therefore anxiously desire the rite of Baptism, and my further desire is, to preach to my countrymen as long as I am spared in this life, for a better occupation than this there is not in the world. I am a great sinner, but Jesus Christ is pure and holy, and from his most precious and holy sacrifice there is salvation to all.

'My brother, Devir Baksh, who is at present possessed of great wealth and honour and without an heir, wrote to me offering to make me his heir, and wishing me to go and live with him, and he would give me the pleasures of the earth; but for the love of the blessed Gospel I would rather continue low and poor, considering the pleasures of the flesh to be vain and unprofitable. I therefore decidedly refused, giving him clearly to understand, that in the Gospel the Lord had commanded us to leave the world and follow after Him, and He would give us light and knowledge.

'My servant, who has made the same profession with myself, is also anxious to be baptized.'

SEETA RAM.

SEETA RAM, was a Sipai or soldier in the Honorable Company's service, during which time he was engaged in several battles. It was not long after his discharge that he met with Christian Missionaries, from whom he from time to time heard the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ, frequently preached and expounded. The result was a conviction of its truth, and a making up his mind to renounce Hinduism and to embrace Christianity; which he did at the famed city of Allah-Abad. His conduct after due time of trial being found exemplary, and his diligent study of God's word, and constant habit of prayer, being observed, and an earnest desire manifested for the salvation of his Hindu brethren, he was appointed to read the Holy Scriptures and such tracts as had been prepared at the private dwellings and public resorts of both Hindus and Mahomedans, first and for some time, in company with the Missionary, and afterwards by himself. With one exception he was

found faithful, and after being a wanderer for a little while, was restored by the good Shepherd and Bishop of souls, and re-established in his profession of Christianity.

After a residence of a few years more at Allah-Abad, he was taken into the service of a medical gentleman in the civil service, whom he accompanied to Gorukhpore,* where he associated himself with the native Christian flock that had there been gathered together from among the heathen. A house was found for him on the Mission premises, where he continued until the day of his death.

An opportunity was thus afforded him of attending the daily, as well as Sabbatical means of grace, and which enabled me at the same time to watch over him, and closely to observe his walk, conduct, and conversation. I soon discovered him to be a rare character, and had great pleasure in embracing such opportunities as were afforded of instructing him further in the things that concerned his peace and happiness; and was much encouraged in observing his rapid growth in grace, increasing faith in Christ, and a bolder and more unflinching fidelity and open avowal before all men, of Christ, living in him the hope of glory. His days with me were comparatively

* At that time the residence of Mr. Wilkinson.

few but deeply interesting, and his death more than peaceful.

It was not long after his arrival at Gorukhpore that he was attacked with a fever then prevalent at the station, and, being before the subject of a pulmonary affection, he was reduced to a very weak state. During this illness he was kindly attended by the gentleman whom he accompanied from Allah-Abad: and all his temporal wants supplied as long as he lived. He never rallied sufficiently to enable him to engage in any active duties as heretofore. He lost his wonted energies and all he could do was to walk out occasionally into the high-ways and market-places by himself and there quietly to tell others what God had done for his soul; and to invite them to a participation of the same blessedness. On these and indeed on all occasions, 'Christ and His cross was all his theme.' From his long standing and consistent walk he was much respected and attentively listened to. He often lamented to me and others, his inability to do more; and he felt it to be a trial of faith, which trial was found unto praise, in the greater opportunity afforded him of cultivating the vineyard of his own heart. He was diligent in the use of all the means of grace afforded him; and his growth in knowledge, and in the power of religion was manifest to all.

His reverence in the public worship of God was very remarkable, and nothing seemed sooner or more to excite his displeasure than the sight of a contrary spirit in others. He could not endure to see a sitting posture in prayer, and the sight of it in our European congregation greatly scandalized him. He used to say, 'an humble heart will force a humble posture.' There was observable an high integrity of character in all his deportment. He ever evinced a strong conviction of the necessity of an entire separation from the ungodly, and from whatever is contrary to the "mind that was in Christ." Having himself obeyed the command, "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing," and having realized the comfortable experience of the annexed promise—"I will be unto you a Father," he desired that all who professed the name of Christ should be partakers of the same privilege. His concern for what he considered the want of a full decision of character, and defective obedience to this, and other similar commands, he more than once feelingly expressed to me. A most determined decision for God and religion, in opposition to all that is contrary thereto, was the most marked feature in the character of the new man in Christ. On one occasion, fresh in my recollection of him; when reproving a brother for what he considered an inconsistency of conduct,

an improper temper was provoked, which betrayed itself in some unguarded expressions. In his last expiring moments the brother, to whom this reproof had been given being present, said that he considered Seeta Ram his enemy! An opportunity, which will ever be remembered with the most delightful feelings, by myself, was thus afforded him of manifesting one of the most striking evidences of real Christian principle and feeling. He rose, and taking him by the hand assured him, in the most affectionate manner, that the reproof was given from a full conviction of duty to God and love to him. I readily confess, he added, that I was betrayed into an unchristian temper on the occasion, for which I have very many times asked forgiveness of God. Do you too forgive me, and believe me that I never was your enemy. 'I know not anything but love.'

During his affliction, which was at times severely trying, he manifested in general a great degree of patience and resignation to the will of God. Occasionally indeed the infirmities common to sinful humanity when tried in the furnace of affliction, shewed themselves in an asperity of expression, but it was only momentary, and the expression of regret soon followed. Faithfulness in reproving sin in whomsoever he saw it, sometimes exposed him to censorious remarks, but of these he was regardless. Nothing

awed, he continued to the last the faithful reprover of sin. Perhaps his method of giving reproof was not the best, nor was it always well timed. The first opportunity was always embraced, and he seemed resolved not to "suffer sin upon a brother." He was steady to his principles.

An incident of considerable interest occurs to my recollection. It was at family worship, or rather at the daily public service. I read in course the 73rd Psalm. He remained behind and told me he had felt great comfort and peace from it. 'Of late my mind has been much exercised in the same way as that of the Psalmist. I can scarcely account for it, but so it is. I have thought myself right in my profession of Christianity, and I know others to be wrong in following cunningly-devised fables; yet I see that while I suffer, they are at ease, and much more to the same purpose.' He then added emphatically, 'the snare is broken, the thread is unravelled, I see it all, I with David can look forward and see the green bay-tree cut down and withered, and turned to ashes. I thank God, I now choose therefore "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God." "Our light affliction which is but for a moment worketh for us a far more exceeding weight of glory." "The sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed."

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... themselves on a litter, and covering their head,
they leave their bodies without uttering a word. This
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than two years I have daily prayed that my end
might not be like theirs. I could not help thinking
of the beautiful lines,—

Christians! the glorious hopes we know.
Which soothe the heart in every woe,
While heathen helpless, hopeless lie,
No ray of glory meets their eye;
Oh! give to their beclouded sight
The hope that Jesus brought to light.

Christians! ye taste the heavenly grace
Which cheers believers in their race,
Uncheered by grace, through heathen gloom,
See millions, hast'ning to the tomb,
To heathen lands, that grace convey,
Which trains the soul for endless day.

Christians! ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleansed for God;
Millions of souls in darkness dwell
Uncleansed from sin, exposed to hell;
Oh! strive that heathens soon may view,
That precious blood which cleanseth you.

He proceeded, "I am, thank God, in full possession of my senses, and I shall die in the faith of Christ, in the full hope of salvation. I am a sinner and shall not be saved because I am better than others, (save as grace has made me to differ.) Salvation is all of grace, I hope for pardon through Christ. My trust is alone in him, and I shall die in peace. I do not fear death, why should I?" Such was his confession and profession before several persons who had been called together on this occasion.

He after this desired I would call the moonshi (writer) which I did, when he dictated the most beautifully Christian will I can imagine, noticing the great mercy of God in calling him to a knowledge of his name and faith in Christ: expressing even an assurance of hope, and then disposing of his little

The last moments of this good man bore the strongest testimony to the sincerity of his profession and uprightness of his life. It was on a Sabbath-morning, I was called up about two o'clock to witness his dying testimony. On approaching his residence I observed him sitting outside the door, before a fire kindled on the ground, warming himself in the most composed and unmoved manner, as if a man in full health. On coming near I asked, 'Seeta Ram, why have you sent for me at midnight,' he replied with a sweet calmness, 'Sahib, (Sir) the time is come for me to die, and I did not wish to die like a beast, but to witness a good confession, and this is why I have now sent for you. I have seen men die in a manner, that since I have been a christian, I have thought very horrible. They lay themselves on a litter, and covering their head, they leave their bodies without uttering a word. This is what I mean by dying like a beast. For more than two years I have daily prayed that my end might not be like theirs. I could not help thinking of the beautiful lines,—

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Which soothe the heart in every woe,
While heathen helpless, hopeless lie,
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property, among which was a horse which he desired should continue to be as it had been, a missionary horse!

I visited him again, after my first morning service in the church, i.e. about 8 o'clock a.m. He was sensible and quite composed, and expressed himself as very happy. I conversed, read, and prayed with him. After which I was obliged to leave him for another service at 10 o'clock. I left a servant with him to fan him.

Just as I was leaving my house to go to church, the servant whom I had left with him, running towards the house, cried aloud as he ran, 'Seeta Ram is dead, Seeta Ram is dead, and as he came near he added emphatically, and with an air of astonishment, 'He died speaking,' a thing he said he had never before witnessed.

In the swellings of Jordan, O what wilt thou do?
When the earth and its joys shall recede from thy view,
When the fears it has prompted, the hopes it has cherished
At that hour, as the dew of the morn shall have perished,
When thy heart if wrapt up in the pleasures below,
Must be left to despondency, hopeless in woe?
If thy treasure be not where the glory fades never,
Vain, vain must the hope be to find it for ever

If the swelling of Jordan in peace thou would'st see,
Thou must turn unto him who has pass'd it for thee,
He has promised to be with his sons and his daughters,
And will guide them in safety himself through the waters.

Raise thine eyes unto Jesus, Almighty to save,
In the tempests of life and in death's stormy wave,
O come unto HIM, HE will never forsake thee
No, not when the billows of Jordan o'ertake thee.

If the swelling of Jordan shall lead to thy rest,
Without sorrow relinquish earth's dearest and best,
Thy companions in JESUS round Him shall assemble,
When afar off the tribes of the wicked shall tremble,
And the Lord who once suffered on Calvary's brow
Thou shalt see, and before His white throne thou shalt bow,
Whilst the crown which His sufferings wreathed shall be given,
To be cast at His feet mid the glories of heaven.

MOODHOO SHOODUN SEAL*

THROUGH the goodness of the Lord we are enabled to follow up the interesting record of William David's† death with a narrative, written by himself, of the life and conversion of Moodhoo Shoodun Seal, now employed as a Catechist of the Church missionary Society at Meerut, in the North-Western part of British India. May he obtain mercy of the Lord to be faithful—faithful unto death!

'I was born about the year of our Lord 1817, of Hindoo parents, in the city of Calcutta: my father was a bigoted Hindoo, and a worshipper of Krishna. At the fifth year of my age, I was taught a large number of Sancrit *Slokas*‡ both moral and religious,

*The family of the Seals is very ancient and honourable.

† The Christian name of the last native convert, whose heathen name (often retained in common conversation,) was Seeta Ram.

‡ Verses or proverbs.

by my father; and at the seventh year made to follow his steps by an initiatory rite, and the same time put under the tuition of a Bengalee Teacher. When I was about twelve years of age, Mr. Hare examined me, through his Pundits; and being satisfied of my knowledge of the Bengalee Language, received me as a scholar into his English School. In this School I was very diligent for a year; but afterward became so negligent, that I was turned out of it.

'About a year after this, having found some of my play-fellows reading and writing English well, who knew nothing when I began, I expressed a desire, to a friend who spoke to my uncle on the subject, of being admitted into the General Assembly's Institution, under the superintendence of Dr. Duff; but objections were raised, on the ground of its being a Christian School: however, at last he gave his consent, and I was admitted into the School. It is here that I learnt the great truth, that there is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved, save Jesus Christ.

'Some time after my admission into this School I began to labour hard, and attend it regularly; consequently my progress was satisfactory to my Teacher, as well as to my family.

'One night, as I was studying, it suddenly occured to me whether the distinction of caste prevalent among

the Hindoos is right; and whether God created a number of men at the beginning, so that different castes proceeded from different individuals. I was for days puzzled with this question, and it became a matter of great anxiety to me. I asked many persons who were well versed in the Shasters to give me some information about the Creation, thinking that the account I knew might be wrong; but, alas! all that they said proved to be quite unsatisfactory.

'One day, as I was sitting in my room and thinking seriously on the subject, my face being turned toward a tree, it came into my mind, that as the branches and leaves of this tree are from one root, so must the human family have proceeded from one man and woman, whom God at the beginning created; but I felt as if something was wanting to confirm this my new-formed opinion, to the complete satisfaction of my heart. A few months afterward, a book was introduced into my class in which I found an account of the Creation according to the Christian Religion, and I immediately received it for a certain truth; and at the same time my belief in the Shasters was in some measure shaken.

'Soon after this, I thought within myself, "Now the Christians blame the idolaters and say that idols are nothing, whom the Hindoos call gods; but, indeed, I see that they are made by the hands of man, and

are in no way better than those stones which none worship. Can these be God? Am I justified in giving these divine honour and worship, which are worse than the meanest creatures of God? If one part of the Shasters be wrong, why may not the other? The Christians, after all, may be right in censuring us. The best thing would be, for me to try their divinity." Accordingly, I tried the idol which we had in our house; treated it as a mere stone; and put my shoes on its head; telling it at the same time (through a weak belief in my aunt, who assured me that it spoke to her many times in dreams) to speak out to me, if there was any supernatural power in it. At this time, a respect for the Christians, especially for those Native Preachers whom I used to hate, and at whom I have many times pelted stones, was created in me; and I began to attend the Bengalee preaching at the Bazaar Chapels. At the same time during the hours of the text lesson in the class, I began to bring forward objections against Christianity, and defend Hindooism to the utmost of my power, merely to find out the truth; and was consequently daily convinced, in some point or other, of the falsity of the religion of my forefathers. In this manner I went on with the Teacher upwards of six months, both in the school and at his house; and then, being totally convinced of the falsity of Hindooism, and in some measure of

the truth of Christianity, I threw off the shackles of caste, looked upon the idolaters as fools, always laughed at the ceremonies and superstitious rites and practices of my countrymen, and made no objection to eat privately with the Christians.

'My principles were soon known to all my neighbours, by my discussing the subject with some of them; and every one of them began to call me "Christian," as a nickname. One of my cousins, who was a very strict observer of the Shasters, told me that I might remain a Hindoo without being an idolater, and showed me a passage from a Shaster in favour of Krishna and against idolatry, but on my calling Krishna a rogue, and pointing out from the very same books passages in favour of idolatry, and proving it to be the production of crafty men, from the contradiction of one part to the other, he was offended, and told my family all that I was about. They, when they heard of this, were fired to madness; so much so, that they deprived me of many of my bodily comforts; and allowed me no longer to attend the school, merely to prevent my becoming a Christian. But man is impotent to discern the face of futurity, and to oppose the doing of the Lord.

'When I was questioned by my uncle whether I wished to be a Christian, and whether the account he had heard was true, I acted, I am sorry to state, the

part of a coward. Being accustomed to tell lies from infancy, and thinking that Christianity did not forbid it, I made no scruple of denying everything. Oh, had I known the truth, that liars are an abomination to God, I might probably have been an example to many, by telling the truth in such a difficult and trying situation!

'Some time afterward, when they thought that I was sufficiently tamed, they allowed me to go out freely, with the strictest injunction not to turn my face toward Dr. Duff's pernicious School.

'A few months after this, I began to attend privately in the mornings, a certain Missionary Gentleman, in order to read the Bible with him. Not many days elapsed, when, one afternoon, I put one of my feet, with my shoe on, upon the top of a plant which the Hindoos worship and venerate, in presence of my grandmother, to convince her that it was nothing more than what it appeared to be—a plant. On her crying out, and saying, "Now this boy will surely die, for he is insulting the gods and treating them disrespectfully," I made up my mind to leave my house; and accordingly, taking my books and some of my clothes, I left home privately, and arrived at a village about twenty-five miles from Calcutta, where I was respectfully received by some boys, and providentially employed to teach them English. Here I

received a monthly allowance from the parents of the scholars, and soon collected a sum sufficient to proceed to the Upper Provinces.

'I left this village, and, after a month or so, arrived at Futtehpore, where I lived with a Christian friend, the *Baboo G.N.N.; and received religious instruction both from him and Dr. Madden. After residing about a week with this pious Native Christian Gentleman, I was desired by him to enter my closet, and secretly pray to my Heavenly Father as many times as I could. I immediately entered my room, agreeably to his desire, and, having knelt down, uttered a few words; and repeated the Lord's Prayer, which I learnt at the school, and which I sometimes used to repeat at home, and in my way to Futtehpore; but I soon perceived that my heart was in a wandering state, and felt prayer a disturbance. However, the next day the Lord enabled me to pray with fervency, and made my heart feel an exceeding degree of joy, such as I never before felt, secret prayer became a matter of the greatest delight to me. The more I prayed the more joy I felt in my heart; and could not help exclaiming to myself, "I have not left my dear family in vain;

* Copee Nath Nandee, who suffered so severely in the late Indian mutiny, and was encouraged to persevere by the gallant Ensign Cheek.

for this is, above all, the greatest proof of the divine authority of the Christian Religion.'

'Having stopped here about three or four months, I was publicly received into the Church of Christ by baptism, by the Rev. Mr. Jennings,* at Cawnpore. Soon after this, I wrote to one of my cousins, and to a friend, to say that I was baptized;—but it appeared to me that they kept it secret.

'About fourteen months after my baptism I went down, as a Student, to Bishop's College. No sooner had I arrived at the College than I went to see my family, who treated me very kindly, wept bitterly, and told me not to give out that I was baptized, but remain at home as before.

'Having learnt, through the grace of God, how precious the redemption of a lost soul is, and that the loss of it exceeds all the calamities which the world can inflict, I thought it my duty, as a Christian husband, to deliver, by the help of God, my wife, to whom I had been married when about thirteen or fourteen years of age, from the cruel bondage of Hindooism. On inquiry, finding that she was willing to come to me, I exerted myself and brought her out of her father's house with great difficulty. She joined

* The excellent chaplain, who was one of the victims of the Delhi massacre.

me in May 1837; was baptized in February 1839; and is, I trust, a faithful servant of the Lord.

'After residing about a year at Bishop's College, I was obliged to leave it on account of family circumstances, and accept employment. In May 1838 I entered the service of the Church Missionary Society; and in November 1840, my friend Baboo Gopenath, having arrived in Calcutta, persuaded me to accompany him to the Upper Provinces.

'An opening having been made, I have been employed under the Church Mission Association at Meerut, since September 1842.

'When I reflect on all the goodness of the Lord to me, I am constrained to cry out with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies!"

Moodhoo Shoodun Seal.'

SHEIKH RAJI OO DIN.

SHEIKH RAJI OO DIN (mystery of faith) was born at Gorakhpore of respectable and wealthy parents, of Mahomedan persuasion. He was naturally of quick parts and fond of learning. He received a liberal education in the literature of the East. He was a good Persian Scholar, and could read Arabic. At an early age he became connected with the court of Oude, with the splendour of which he was greatly captivated, and gave himself up to its pleasures. After residing at Lucknow (the capital) several years, and while still in favour, he left, and returned to his family at Gorakhpore, where he took to himself a wife. His marriage was accompanied with all the ceremonial and pomp connected with marriages in the East. After a few years he left his family to go on a visit, partly for pleasure, and also, to try his fortunes among the Mountain wilds of Nissaul* and among the sturdy mountaineers. He went direct to Kalamandu—

* Nissaul was at that time an independent state.

assuming the character and dress of a Hindu Brahmin. He had not long resided there, before he formed a second connection in marriage (strange to say) with a Brahimni Hindu woman, and very soon after absconded with her, and took her to his home at Gorakhpore. He afterwards married another Mussulmani woman, and by all three he had offspring.

About the age of 40 or 50, he became very devout, and was greatly respected by all, and much venerated by many for his strict observance of the religious practices of Islam. His natural disposition was good — of remarkable amiable manners — and particular venerable in his appearance. He was also liberal in giving alms to the poor, to whom he was at all times very condescending and kind, and as he had large means, he possessed a very extensive influence.

I first became acquainted with him in the year 1828,* in the following manner. It was in the cold season of that year, while itinerating, I was called to visit Ghazipore, a large city about 100 miles from Gorakhpore. During my stay, a young man of respectable appearance: and remarakably shrewd and intelligent, attached himself to me; and followed me in all my preaching excursions, in the town—at the fair—and in the Sirai, situated in the heart of the town in

* The fifth year of Mr. W's residence in India.

which, as I was accustomed, I had taken up my residence. Before leaving, he proposed to accompany me home to hear more of this way, and he did, and was after due trial baptized. This young man, whose name was Kadir Baksh,—was a nephew of Sheikh Raji Oo Din. He had also other relations holding situations in the court at Gorakhpore, to whom he became an object of contempt and persecution. The Sheikh had been a long time absent from Gorakhpore, residing at his country residence. On his return he heard of the baptism of his nephew, and took the earliest opportunity of trying his influence, to bring him back from his apostacy, and restore him to his ancestral faith. Kadir Baksh resided with me at the Seminary situated in the European station, and thither the Sheikh went, determined, either by conciliation, or force, to fetch him away. I was not at home at the time he first arrived, and they had been in long conversation together before I returned. Kadir Baksh besought him not to be hasty in condemning opinions, doctrines, &c. which he had not himself examined, and I found them with the New Testament open before them, seated on a carpet on the floor. On entering they both rose up and saluted me. The nephew introduced his uncle, which ceremony over, a chair was given him, and we sat together *tête-à-tête* for two or three hours, conversing on the deeply interesting and all important

subjects of sin—death—judgment—heaven and hell —and salvation through Christ alone. His atoning death—His justifying righteousness—His resurrection life — His prevailing intercession in heaven at the right hand of God, founded on his mediatorial sacrifice, &c. He was touched—he was softened—He looked all mild surprize and said—"Are these things so! what words!" I gave him a copy of Martyn's New Testament, he received it;—he looked round to see if any one was near, and then concealed it under his full flowing robes. He instantly took his leave, and I saw him no more for three months.

About three months after, he again made his appearance, but Oh, how changed! He entered the room where I was sitting, not in the majestic stiffness of a haughty Mussulman, but with look serene and calm. He touched my knees with both hands, then gently rose, withdrew the copy of the Testament from beneath his chada, and with a sweetness of expression in his countenance which I can never forget, he said, 'I have read it through and through! when I received it, my heart was full of enmity to Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. I came here resolved at all hazards to pluck a lamb out of His arms; but he was too strong and too gentle for me. Not my nephew only but me and all mine be His for ever.' My heart was overpowered, we embraced each

other. I thanked God, and we all rejoiced together. It was a beautiful scene. He asked for baptism—I advised him to deliberate, to wait—that he would have to encounter great opposition, and that he might afterwards repent. But he meekly replied, 'I have nothing to deliberate upon—I have made up my mind, I must be a Christian! however your advice shall be followed,' and he left me in tears. He afterwards told me, 'I went home wondering. I could not think why you put me off. I thought within myself how different to what I have been accustomed to!—Rupees —palinquin—a sawari* horse, or elephant is willingly given to make a respectable proselyte to Islamism. What can it be? Does he think me insincere?'

I had from this time frequent opportunity of converse and intercourse, and my interest in him increased at each interview. We read, we prayed, we talked together, light increased—prejudices, like shadows, fled away. He felt more and more willing or rather resigned to wait. His faith was not too long tried. He was baptized on the 10th of August, 1828. His own account of it is as follows:—

'It is nearly six years since my baptism. Oh, how God has blessed me since then! *My baptism was like going out of one house into another—rather, it*

*Or riding.

was like going out of a dungeon into a palace. In my dungeon I was never happy: in my house, my new house, I have had much, very much, to suffer. The storm has beat vehemently upon it: it has been often on fire: but God has dwelt in it, as He did in the burning bush on Sinai, and therefore I have dwelt in safety. The fire of persecution still rages, and many there be that lay wait to slay me; but in the name of the Lord will I rejoice.

'You have been a great comfort to me hitherto; and as wounds have been inflicted, you have poured in the balm, and the wound has been healed. It was God who comforted me, I know; but it was through you. It was the oil and wine of the Gospel that was the healing balm to my soul; but it was you that brought it forth out of the Gospel dispensary, and poured it into the inflicted wound. Once I had well nigh fallen, by rendering evil for evil; but while meditating revenge in my heart, the Lord sent you to me with a message I have never forgotten. I told you my tale; and when I had so done, I asked, "What shall I do?" You replied, "Heap coals of fire on their heads;" and my heart was ready—it was just what it had dictated; and I thought that in these words I had got your sanction. But you had another word which went to my soul: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him: if he thirst, give him drink:

for in so doing," &c. My soul was in a conflict, and you know the result. I acted on the divine counsel; and from that time, through grace, I have thus acted, and never have found it to fail. It was a new remedy, but it was a good one. * * I am old, and my beard is grey, and soon my pilgrimage will end; and then all will be peace, and rest, and joy: then I shall have a house not made with hands, not of this building—a house of eternal shelter from the storms and blasts that here rage with such fury. There I shall have a home!'

It was at this time the few following lines were addressed by him to Christians in England:—

'*Sheikh Raji oo Din, once a follower, and a zealous follower, of Islam, now by the grace of God, a servant of Jesus Christ, to the beloved and faithful followers of the same Jesus Christ, sends his salutations.*

'Christian Friends—Rejoice in that an aged sinner has been rescued from error, and brought to confess and follow the truth. In so doing, I have been called to make large sacrifices of family connexions, property, reputation, and all earthly comforts; but the grace of God has been much more abundant in giving me spiritual wealth in Christ Jesus, whom I now confess to be the Son of God, and the alone Saviour

of sinners. I have been for some time very deaf, and hence not able to hear the voice of the Good Shepherd from the pulpit; and having much leisure, I am able to read a good deal, and have thereby attained a good understanding of the Scriptures of Truth. I have found them to be the sword of the Spirit; cutting open and slaying the old man of pride and envy, hatred and malice, &c.; and also the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, making me free from the law of sin and death.'

Baptism is the deciding point—I have been astonished in observing to what lengths both Hindus and Mussulmans may go, if not baptized, without becoming objects of persecution. It was remarkably exemplified in the Sheikh's case. No sooner was he baptized, than he became a mark for every one to shoot at.

It was only three days after his baptism, that I had to record:—'He came to me this morning, in great distress of mind. He returned to his home on Monday, and was well received by them all. On Thursday night following a brother-in-law broke in upon their peace, and being a man of some consequence, and influence among them, turned their hearts away from him by the most false statements, and misrepresentations, such as his having been fed with swine's flesh, and every thing that was offensive and

obnoxious to the Mussulman mind. All this was accompanied with threats and violent gestures,' &c. &c.

'Daniel Dass and Kadu Baksh went this evening, to visit the good old persecuted disciple, and to comfort and strengthen him, &c. They found him quite solitary. He had just been beset by a number of men, about fifty or sixty, sent to him by the Mufti, a law officer of the court, and High Priest of the Mussulmen. The disgraceful manner in which they had treated him had a good deal depressed his feelings, which is not to be wondered at, considering the great veneration in which he had always been held. He was however, blessed be God, firm and unmoved; asserting his determination in the strength of divine grace to continue stedfast in his profession of Christ. May the Lord strengthen him, and confirm him unto the end!

The next day the plan of attack was at first changed. The Mufti sent a second dispatch of men, not to insult, but to allure him back to their faith. All manner of entreaties were used, and having got all his numerous relatives to mourn and lament with them, the trial was very great to him. On finding him stedfast and resolved in his profession, and determined not to renounce his new faith, they set on to abuse and vilify him, and were preparing to practice a vile Mahomedan trick upon him; but the wiser

among them desired they would desist, on the old man's earnestly remonstrating, &c. They left him late at night, and returned home, like a flock of wolves, greedy but disappointed of their prey. The Lord stood by and strengthened his servant. How strikingly do we witness, in such instances, the fulfilment of the promise: "Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him."'

Other attempts were made to induce him to recant; but he was preserved in his integrity. Of his feelings on these occasions, he used to say, 'I am always astonished at myself after they are gone. I cannot think how it is, I seem to me unlike myself. I feel to have quite another heart. How wonderful it is.'

I visited him again on the 16th. I found him alone but happy; from his appearance he had evidently been much tried; but the state of his mind evinced that his tribulation had wrought in him patience, and patience such an experience, support and consolation, as filled him with a "hope that maketh not ashamed."

August the 19th, 1828. The good old patriarch's trials are not all over. I went this morning to see him at his house, and found him a solitary being. His family had all been torn from him, and taken he knew not whither. I have employed persons to find them out, and hope they may succeed. Who would have thought to see him resigned even to this? yet,

SO HE WAS! I found him with Martyn's Testament in his hand, and the Psalms, and Prophet Isaiah by his side, good companions in tribulation!

August the 20th. I have just returned from a visit to the good old patriarch. I was astonished to find him composed, peaceful and happy. Having learned from him the day before that his people had been taken away, by some of his relations, the principal actor being a brother-in-law, the object of my visit was to see, what steps he intended taking; the parties had taken away with them both money and jewels to a considerable amount: they were consequently actionable; and he had been advised to prosecute, but he said, No! I asked if he had taken any steps to recover property. He said No! but I have sent to them to let them know that I am aware of their proceedings, and have requested they will acknowledge the possession of the money, &c. He added, as to the rest, I leave them to God and their own consciences.

From this time till the year 1840, when I was obliged to leave India on account of ill health, his walk was consistent. He was occasionally betrayed into a violent expression of his feelings under great provocations (for his persecutions continued till the day of his death) but he always expressed sorrow afterwards and was made more wary for the future.

He was frequently afflicted, though not severely,

and these were always seasons very precious. I retain the sweet recollection of many of these opportunities afforded me of witnessing the meek, resigned, patient, spirit given him of God;—to relate them would extend this memoir beyond the limits I purpose at present. I cannot, however, withhold an account of one of the last of these visits. It was not long before I left India. I found him in a small building which he had erected for the place of his interment, and in which he usually when well, spent several hours in reading the Scriptures and devotional exercises. It was to him a sacred spot, and served as a memento that he had not long to live, and as a monitor to him to set his house in order. During this illness he lived in it entirely, and there expected to put off this tabernacle; here he learned to say to corruption, "Thou art my father, and to the worm, Thou art my mother." It was early one morning I went to see him in this his Bethel (now his grave where the body is undergoing its refinement.) I found him lying on his couch with the New Testament by his side, lost in thought. I stood for sometime unobserved, but when he saw me, he raised himself suddenly and embraced me. I asked him what he was thinking about—he replied, I was thinking of death. Then opening Henry Martyn's translation of the New Testament he pointed to (2 Cor. v. i.)—saying, This is the sweet

portion of Scripture that led to it, repeating the words "I know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were taken down" &c. Adding very emphatically—'Yes, I know—I know!' I had left India before the last illness of this good man. About two months before his death I received from him a letter.* The allusion to the death of the Rev. F. Wybrow, who succeeded me at Gorruckhpore, is considered very beautiful and touching.

In February, 1841, the Bishop of Calcutta visited Gorruckhpore. His chaplain the Rev. J. H. Pratt thus speaks of his interview with this interesting Christian.

'We saw a fine old man, a converted Mussulman, at the farm; he is 79 years of age, very deaf and of a venerable appearance and intelligent countenance. He has been a Christian many years and Voluntary Catechist, under Mr. Wilkinson. He seemed to be much gratified at seeing the Bishop, and receiving his benediction. The man has copied out the Essay on Hindooism, Mahomedanism, and Christianity. He prizes it highly, and says, "If I could but go to the King of Delhi, and stand before him, I would shew him this book, and he should learn the folly of his own religion, and the wisdom of Christianity."

* No. 2, p. 121.

The closing scene of the old man's life is thus described by the Rev. C. B. Leupolt, who was for a few months the resident Missionary at Gorruckpore during that period. It is a touching account of the trials which he had to endure, even to his latest hour; and it affords satisfactory evidence of the stedfastness of his profession, and the triumph of his faith:—

"After the death of the Rev. F. Wybrow, I went to Gorruckhpore, arriving there on the 16th of January, 1841. The first person who welcomed me among the Native Christians was the good old Sheikh. We conversed together for about an hour on various subjects. I found him an intelligent and sober-minded Christian. Soon after the Bishop's visitation at Gorruckhpore he became ill. He remained at his own Bungalow a few days, and then came to reside with us. As he had some money about him, his sons felt much affection for him, and endeavoured to persuade him to go with them, as they could and would take better care of him, they said, than we could do; and accordingly, one day, when we had gone to the farm, they came and took him away. He was then evidently fast declining, and his mind seemed likewise to be much affected. After he had been a few days at home, I went to see him, and found him very ill. I read with him his favourite chapter, 2 Cor. v., and conversed with him on that glorious change which we both might, sooner or later,

expect. We then prayed together and felt that the Lord was with us. I left him in a delightful frame of mind.'

'But conceive my astonishment, when, two days after, I received a note from him, informing me that he had again embraced Mahomedanism, having for ever done with the Religion of Jesus Christ, and requesting me not to trouble him any more—he had had quite enough of Christ and Christians. The report had already been spread in the city that he had abjured the Christian faith, and the enemies of the Gospel triumphed. Even some of my own household rejoiced, while we ourselves were in deep sorrow. We followed Hezekiah's example, by spreading the letter before the Lord, praying that He would look into this case.'

'Ten days had nearly elapsed, when one morning his son came to my house in a great passion, declaring that he would reveal the whole truth. He stated, that he had been excluded from the inheritance, and and that his father had not written the note, but that it was written by his father's brother; and when the old Sheikh's eyes were fixed in death, and he was no longer able to speak, they held the Korân over him, endeavouring to induce him to touch it, as an acknowledgment of his again professing the Mahomedan faith; but he refused to do it, by shaking his hand and pointing toward heaven.'

'We were cheered by this statement and open acknowledgment. The Lord had indeed looked into the case, and confounded the device of the enemy. But what must the poor old Sheikh have suffered, left without an earthly friend to cheer him in his dying moments, or to speak a word of comfort to his departing soul! He must have felt himself slighted by his pastor and his Christian brethren—for he knew nothing of what had transpired, and that we were denied admittance to him; forsaken by all men, persecuted by his own brother, neglected by his children, and bereft of all earthly comforts: but the Lord was with him, and supported him; and enabled him, although he was tormented and persecuted, to witness a good confession.

'The reason for writing the note was, as they acknowledged to Charles Dass, the native Catechist, because they feared that if it were known that he had died a Christian, we might come and seize his property.'

TRIUMPH OF GRACE.

On the rich banks of India's Idol stream
The message of eternal love was heard,
By thousands and by thousands heard in vain.
Still the commissioned Missionary spoke;
To reason and to conscience he appealed,
While he proclaimed his messages from God.

The hardened Brahmin skilled in every lore,
More firmly still the chains of death and sin
Fixing around his darkened auditor,
Fearless his specious arguments advanced.
He too appealed to British eloquence—
To British infidels; (device of hell!)
He proved that there were Britons who despised
The God whom British Missionaries preached.
The minister of Christ then raised his head,
His countenance pourtraying deep distress,
And heartfelt sympathy for dying men,
He spoke of God's unutterable love,—
The bleeding love of Jesus who endured,
Pains more than merely human strength could bear,
Such as the wrath of God alone inflicts.
O'erpowered with grief, the zealous preacher paused,
Fast o'er his sallow cheeks the tear-drops fell,
While with a faltering voice, his tongue proclaimed:—
All that the dying Man of sorrows felt,
For those who mocked His patient soul in grief,
Who bound the rankling thorns around His head,
And nailed His body to the accursed tree.
For you He died, for you He made His soul
An offering for sin. To rescue you
From everlasting misery, He bled.
Ah think what sins are yours, what ruined souls!
How oft your wicked thoughts have grieved your God,
And filled your consciences with shame!
Reflect how frail your dying bodies are;
At morn they bloom, and evening droop and die.
To-day in health and vigour you rejoice,
To-morrow, and your friends may weep around
Your fever-stricken frames! In that dread hour,
Where will your soul be sheltered from despair—
Where can the torment-dreading conscience find
A hiding place from God's eternal wrath.

No vengeance hovers o'er the Christian's death;
No terrors then o'erwhelm his ransomed soul,
With dread of endless wrath: a heavenly smile,
Irradiates his happy countenance,
Showing the bliss his peaceful bosom feels
In the bright prospect of eternity.
'Weep not for me,' he says, ''tis gain to die.'
O death! where is thy dreadful sting? O grave!
Where is thy victory? The sting of death
Is sin, but blessed be the God of love,
Jesus in his own blood hath washed away
My guilt, His spirit hath renewed my soul.

Missionary Reminiscences.

The following are a few letters written by Native Christians, some on the occasion of my leaving India for England, and some after my departure.

'My heart is very sorrowful to think you are obliged to go to England. Before you came we were in the darkness of Heathenism, you brought us the true light, you brought Jesus Christ to us; God sent you, and you came; we heard and believed; we gave up our gods, which are no gods—we thought them to be gods, but found them dumb, deaf, and without life and power; you told us of Jesus, the "*the image of the invisible* God." Jesus Christ lived and walked and talked: he talked in the language of *men*; but his words were the words of God. You taught us to read the Scriptures,—the true Scriptures,—the words of God in the New Testament! (oh! I love the New Testament!) that tells most of Jesus Christ, it tells us how "God so loved the world, and that he spared not his only-begotten Son," and

that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." We have heard it from you, and have read it ourselves, and believed that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour of Sinners,—my heart is sure of salvation now,—I know that God's dear Son can save me,—I feel I have got another heart,—I feel in my heart much love to Christ, who so loved me. I used to worship idols, but I never loved them: no idol ever came into my heart; but Jesus Christ came into my heart, and he lives there, for this I am glad, because now you are going away—I am very much sorry you are going, but Jesus Christ is not going, *He* will not leave us; you are my *Father*, but Jesus Christ is my *Saviour*. Farewell! I pray Jesus Christ may go with you, and stay with us. Jesus Christ can keep you, make you well, and bring you back to India. We will all pray for you; do not be unhappy about us, we will be as good as we can till you return, but we shall not be so good without you; you every day tell us the right way, and that keeps us in the way. I have written a great deal: I must write one thing more. When you arrive in England, tell, O, tell Christians in England, what a place of the devil India is, how the devil lives in people here, how Jesus Christ drove the devil out of us, and that we are now his servants and happy. If I were going with you, I would tell such a tale of woe as would make many

good Christians fly to India to preach Jesus Christ to my poor brethren. English Christians are very good to send us salvation, to send such a Saviour But I want them to send more missionaries to preach salvation. It is not very much to send ten or five, tell them they must send all at once, *two hundred*, then all the work *will* be done at once. If so many had come with you, now 200 times as many more would be Christians. *Is this no fault?* Gracious Father, send as many missionaries as you can before you return, and bring more with you.

Kádha Dáss."

'William Churrun, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, writes at your command. This day is a day of great sorrow to us all. My liver is wholly dried up.* I begin to feel that I am alone, and after your departure I shall feel more than I do now. It was you who brought to me the blessed Gospel; it was you who saw me a vile idolater; it was you who told me of Jesus; it was you who convinced me of sin; it was you who espoused me to Jesus; it was you that taught me to sit at his feet: it was you that nourished me up in the true

* Psalm xxii.—"My moisture," &c.

faith; you have been my shepherd hitherto and led me into green pastures; you taught me to pray and to preach; I have gone with you through the towns and villages to teach and to preach the kingdom of God for four years, and now you are going, and I shall be desolate and without heart. Cannot you take me with you. You asked me to tell you what I wished you to tell good Christians in England about India. First tell them, William Churrun, a servant of Jesus Christ, by the grace of God, was once a servant of sin, and would have been a servant of sin now, had they not sent you to tell me of Christ crucified for sinners. Tell them my heart thanks them. O, when I think that had not English Christians sent Jesus Christ to me, I must have been for ever lost, I cannot help loving them. I always pray for them, and I daily thank God, first for myself, and next for them, for myself that through their mercy I have obtained mercy, and next for them, that God put it into their hearts to send Jesus Christ to India, because had they not so done, then they would have been guilty of a brother's blood, but now they may rejoice with poor William. Next tell them we wonder much that they only send one or two missionaries. What are one or two. Do they not know how many millions of my poor Hindoo brethren are yet without God, &c. Oh! tell them, William, who thanks them for himself,

blames them on account of others. I have heard you say there are many millions of people in England, and then I think—well—many millions and only one, two, or three come to India to save millions of those who are perishing in sin. Tell them we have three hundred and thirty millions of gods, whose slaves we are. And, O tell them, that though these gods never spake before, that in the Day of Judgment, the God of English Christians, who is the God of the whole world, will give each a tongue to condemn them, for not sending the Gospel and more missionaries to India. Do they think Hindoos cannot believe? will not hear of Christ the only Saviour? Then tell them to come with you and see how many here have forsaken all for Christ and are now willing to die for Christ. Had they sent a hundred more with you, how many more would bless them, as we now do, and pray for them and love them. Give William's love to English Christians, and when you return, bring with you a hundred missionaries. God gave you to us, God preserved you to us a long time; now God will take you away from us, and God will again make you well and bring you back to us. Pray for poor William, whose heart is very sorrowful, &c.'

"Reverend Sir,

'You spoke to me so seriously about giving myself

wholly to the work of an evangelist among the heathen, that I have since thought of but little else; thought upon thought comes into my heart; you may say to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop, what you yourself think on this subject. Six years, as you know, I was employed in the court of Gorukhpore. I was never satisfied or happy, however, in this situation; my hands worked, but my heart was never in it; there was during the greater part of this time, an open wound in my heart; I used thus to reflect; the Lord has chosen me to be his servant, and my heart's desire is to serve him; upon this I prayed for grace to enable me to serve him in my worldly engagements, and although I did so serve him a little, the wound did not close, I longed to serve him altogether, upon which I prayed thus to the Lord: Deliver me, O God, from this entanglement; and God beholding the desire of my heart, heard my prayer. According to the good pleasure of God and by your advice, I relinquished my situation; and now for nearly two years I haye been employed in the Lord's vineyard, here and among the heathen. During this period, my prayer has been, that whatever His will respecting me may be, He would prepare me to meet it and to fulfil it. I praise His name and adore the grace that thus works in me, to will and to do, and especially that He has chosen me for His own blessed

service. Night and day my heart thus works within me, that I may quickly do the work of an evangelist and make full proof, as holy Paul writes, of the Gospel calling; God has not given me a talent to bury, but to employ for him, and with it to make increase; what was in my heart, that have I written, but not all. It cannot all be put upon paper, more will be known, at least so I pray, by the fruit His grace may enable me to bear. God has chosen His people that they should show forth His praise, and my heart desires it. Now as God may direct you, so may it be, upon whatever road I may be brought by you, upon that I will spend my whole life. Whatever may be the result of your counsel concerning me, be so kind as to write and inform me: seven years I have been your child; you know every thing concerning me, what need I to write more! pray for and counsel me.'

Daniel Dass."

'Praise to God the great master of all; yesterday while writing a discourse for Sunday it happened that Sheikh Razi-ao-deen came to our house; I, Charles, and Razi were sitting abroad near the road, a little way from the house, and talking of the things of Christ's word, the people passing by heard, and

one and another stood to listen, till in less than an hour we had a congregation; we seated them, and they seemed greatly interested by our conversation with each other; by degrees as opportunity offered, we made the conversation to bear upon them, and then turning towards them, began to exhort them; they listened with their whole heart, and we rejoiced. Among them were some Mahomedans. One began to dispute; I then stood forth in defence of the truth of the Gospel, and by arguments which he could not gainsay, silenced him; praise to God! Among the arguments was this one. Was Mahomed before or after Christ: he replied, After; and upon this also said, that Mahomed abrogated the Gospels; I replied, your own conduct falsifies this; on occasion of your marriages among other things, you profess to believe in the Gospels, do you not? he replied, Yes! upon which I said; Why do you deny before me what you profess to believe before your priests? He made no reply, and looked confounded; all were much pleased, and looked with wonder towards us. We then proceeded, and all attended to the things spoken with their whole heart. Praised be God! the field is already white to the harvest, we only want labourers. One delightful instance I give you; you know Bhugwan Dass the banker,—almost every other day he pays me a visit purposely to talk over the subject of

Christianity; and from his own words it is evident that God has put a thought into his heart, and that he will soon join the little flock. May Christ give his Spirit that it may be even so, and when God's grace shall be poured out upon many such, the devil's mouth will soon be shut.'

Daniel Dass."

'It is nearly six years since my baptism. O how God has blessed me since then! My baptism was like going out of one house into another: rather it was like going out of a dungeon into a palace. In my dungeon I was never happy; in my house, my new house, I have had much, very much to suffer. The storm has beat vehemently upon it. It has been often on fire. But as with Moses in the bush, God has dwelt in it, and therefore I have not been consumed. The fire of persecution still rages, and many there be that lay wait to slay me. But in the name of the Lord will I rejoice.

'You have been a great comfort to me hitherto, and as wounds have been inflicted, you have poured in the balm, and the wound has been healed. It was God who comforted me, I know; but it was through you. It was the oil and the wine of the Gospel that was as the healing balm to my soul; but it was you

that brought it forth out of the Gospel dispensary, and poured it into the inflicted wound. Once I had well nigh fallen by rendering evil for evil, but while meditating revenge in my heart, the Lord sent you to me with a message that I have never forgotten. I told you my tale, and when I had done so, asked, "What shall I do?" You replied, "Heap coals of fire on their heads," and my heart was ready. It was just what it had dictated, and I thought in these words I had got your sanction; but you had another word which went to my soul—"When thine enemy hungers, feed him; when he thirsts, give him drink." My soul was in conflict: you know the result. I literally acted on the divine counsel; and from that time through grace, I have thus acted, and never have I found it to fail. It was a new remedy, but it was a good one.

'But now you, whom the Lord has made my counsellor and friend, are about to leave me, a poor, weak, and feeble creature, and a poor helpless sinner, to fight my own battles and to direct my own ways. Only last night while I slept, my heart waked and told me that evil would not befal me. This morning my heart was greatly comforted with the word of promise, which saith, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Now then I shall look for this. I am old and my beard

is grey, and soon my pilgrimage will end, and then all will be peace, and rest, and joy; then I shall have a house not made with hands—not of this building—a house of eternal shelter from the storms and blasts that here rage with such fury. There I shall have a home!

'But I must now tell you my mind about what you asked me a few days ago. Sheikh Razi-oo-deen, once a follower, and a zealous follower of Islam, now by the grace of God, a servant of Jesus Christ, to the beloved and faithful followers of the same Jesus Christ, sends his salutations. Christian friends, rejoice in that an aged sinner has been rescued from error, and brought to confess and follow the truth. In so doing he has been called to make large sacrifices of family connections, property, reputation, and all earthly comforts; but the grace of God has been much more abundant in giving me riches in glory in Christ Jesus, whom I now confess to be the Son of God and the alone Saviour of sinners. I am a man of education and good understanding, and through the grace of God these qualities, which are the gifts of the Most High, have been great blessings to me since my understanding in Christ Jesus. I have been for some time very deaf, and hence not able to hear the voice of the good Shepherd from the pulpit; but having much leisure and good natural powers, I am

able to read a good deal, and have thereby attained a good understanding of the Scriptures of truth. I have found them to be the sword of the Spirit cutting open and slaying the old man of pride and envy, hatred, malice, &c. and the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, making me free from the law of sin and death. The Epistle to the Romans and the Psalms are most precious to me. On these I meditate day and night, and am instructed and comforted in Christ Jesus my Lord, to whom be eternal praise.'

Cornelius sc. Sheikh Raji oo Din."

'Holy Father.—Peace.

'You are going to the land of your fathers, may your health be soon restored; and may you quickly come back to us! Our earthly paradise is darkened with the cloud of gloom that hangs over it. The carpet of sin is spread over the face of the earth, and thousands are running over it to the region of eternal woe. Oh! when will the cloud be dispersed and the carpet of life be spread? In the natural heavens the sun on the horizon is the harbinger of a bright and clear day. As he rises in his strength, the clouds are rent and retire to their watery bed, and the earth is covered with light as with a garment. Beautiful emblem of Jesus Christ the Sun of righteousness,

whose rising and rest will bring on the glorious day, when, as Isaiah prophesies: "The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days."

'We have seen this sun on the horizon, but its progress is very slow towards its full height. What impedes it? we read in sacred page, that in the days of King Joshua, God commanded,—"Sun, stand thou still,"—and there was a cause, for "the Lord fought for Israel." But at whose command stands still the Sun of righteousness? Was it light sent forth but to mock us? Are the prayers of the faithful wanting? Is the chariot of the Lord stopped for want of horses and horsemen to draw it? Why shines the sun in its full blaze, whence you came and whither you are going? O you who bask in its blaze, to you it is said,—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come, &c." It is written; "No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel, &c." To do so is unwise as well as ungenerous, because the light may go out and you yourselves be left in the dark.

'These are the words of an aged creature of God, who long walked in darkness, but into whose heart the day-spring from on high has shone, and who daily offers up his fervent cry that that light may increase more and more unto the perfect day, as saith wise king Solomon; and who hopes at length to be like

the woman in the last revelation of the mysteries of God, for ever fixed in the sun!

'The salutations of Sheikh Razi-oo-Deen,

'Your own child in Christ Jesus.

'Gorakpore, 1840."

HYMN.

O triune God! descend and dwell
In this lone heart of mine,
That I may know a heaven on earth,
In sorrow, peace divine!

Then shall I taste that inward calm,
Which nothing can molest;
Then shall I feel a hallowed thrill,
Steal o'er my aching breast!

O, give me to possess that hope
To which the world is dead,
That dawning of celestial joy
For which a Saviour bled!

Shepherd of Israel! lead me where
Thy verdant pastures grow,
And bid my soul drink deep and long,
Where Thy still waters flow!

When troubles rise on every side,
And earthly comforts flee—
When all around is drear and dark,
I'll rest secure in Thee!

I rest upon a Rock; I know
In whom I have believed;
An out-lawed rebel once was I,
Now pardon'd and received!

"Dec. 9th, 1840.

Cherisher of the poor—peace. Through the mercy of God I am in good health, and earnestly hope that yourself, your lady, and the children, are all well. I have written several letters, to which I have received no answer; I am therefore very sad. I fear my letters did not reach you. In one letter I told you of the capture of Ghiznee,—it was a noble affair! With some difficulty we succeeded in making our way through the Kyber pass. There was some skirmishing, but the enemy sustained a defeat. On approaching Ghiznee, we first observed the fort, and on nearing it, I, and I suppose every one, felt awe-struck. I looked at it, shook my head, and thought if heaven can kiss the earth, then may we capture the far-famed Ghiznee Fort.

We had not long arrived ere the attack was made, and, miracle of miracles, in the space of three hours the fort was in our possession, and England's flag waved on the ramparts. Again, I looked, and wondered how it could be; and that passage was brought to my recollection, "The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth," &c.; and therefore thought I, this wonder of wonders has come to pass.

I pray God this may soon follow. May another trumpet than the trumpet of war soon be sounded, and thousands hear the joyful sound!

My last letter told you of encounters with the Beloochees, but these were mere nothings. Now all seems tranquil, and the whole land is before us. The way is prepared for the entrance of the Gospel; and we only want the messengers of peace to follow our arms. The country is not very interesting to look on, but the people are; and they call themselves Ibeanni, and say they are the descendants of Malik Talut, (king Saul) of whom Afghan was the grandson,—from whom they derive the name. They are a great fighting people, but the Gospel of peace can subdue them, and we know it is written:—"They shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks, &c."

"We are expecting an exchange of regiments,

David."

"Honourable father and guide, on England rest the light of God.

Woe, woe, that you have left us and run away. If you return we shall heartily welcome you; if not, send your portrait, that looking at it we may be comforted. According to your instructions, I continue to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, as far as I can, to every creature. This is my desire. You remember my wish to go to China,—you told me

its walls were closed against me and the truth of God. This I could not believe, and I left my home with nought but my clothes on my body, and as many tracts and books as I could carry on my back. On reaching the Nipaul territory, I was arrested by the Sissars soldiery. The Jemmadar (commander of a band of men) put me under a guard, and threatened my life; upon which, I opened my Testament and read, "I am also a man under authority." My Lord and Master is the Almighty God and Saviour of the world. No *man* hath sent me hither. My Gurn (spiritual guide) forbade me, and told me you would take me. I am come in the name of God,—an ambassador of the Lord of armies. My commission is from Him, and my message is to you. You threaten to take away my life; in the name of God and His Son Jesus Christ, I offer you life eternal: and as though God did beseech you by me, I pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God: repent and believe the Gospel, and do not so wickedly. All cried out, "This is a good man. He brings good tidings. He is not a man of war, but of peace; let us do him no harm, but send him away;—we *dare* not let him proceed."

"The Jemmadar then called me to him, and I sat long in conversation with him. He received a book and promised to read it. He afterwards invited me

to dine. I ate a hearty meal and retired to rest, and never slept more soundly. Many more received books. Perhaps good will result, perhaps not. My conscience was eased of a burden, and I left them.

"My next purpose was to go to Afghanistan, after hearing of the success of our arms, to follow them with the Gospel of peace. With this end in view I again left Gorruckpore to go to Sabathu. Yam accompanied me as far as Azimgurh, and we there parted. My trials and difficulties on the way were very many. I was in perils oft. I had before been in perils among false brethren, and now I was in peril among the heathen. By the grace of God I everywhere preached the Gospel, and gave away tracts and books, with which you had supplied me, until I reached Sabathu, in the mountain wilds. Here I found plenty of work, and I thought I would stay and labour, and go to heaven from these hills. Every day, when well, I preached and prayed, and distributed God's Word. But my wife could not endure the cold of these mountains, and therefore we have left, and here we are.

"Bâlak is truly converted to God, and accompanies me in my preachings, &c., in the market places and melas (fairs.) Many hear us gladly, and some scoff. I am henceforth to remain here, by order of the Calcutta Committee, to assist the Rev. W. Pfander in the work of God.

"Katerina (his wife,) is better. God has given us another child. We have named him Samuel.

Your affectionate child,

William Churrum.

Agra, 23rd of the month, 1842."

'Feb. 6th, 1842.

'To the Rev. M. Wilkinson.

'Peace from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

'You command me to write and tell you how I and the brethren are. We are some of us alive, and some dead. Those that have died are well. They have fought the fight and finished their course. They have received the crown and are now wearing it. But we that are still living are all sick, but not unto death; we are, as you used to tell us, in the hospital under the care and certain cure of the great Physician: we have confidence in Him as our Healer, and skilful restorer. The process is often painful, the cure very slow, we would rather it were more rapid, but we can trust our Physician's skill. He knows what is best and when best to apply the healing balm; and I *know* that finally the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, will cleanse *me* and all His chosen from all sin.

'Among the dead is poor Jarawan. Poor he was in this world, yet having all needful things, and you know he was rich in faith. He was old in years, and old in the experience of grace, you know that when Christ found him he was an *Asad* (a man of low caste). He made him at once a *brahmin* (a priest), and in the knowledge of the things of God he soon became a *Pundit* (a learned man). He never could learn to read, as you know, but he was a man of good parts, and his ears were eyes and everything else to him. His son could read and thus he was ministered to out of his own bowels (flesh), his end was peace, his body is with those of other saints, in the Golgotha, as you called the ground set apart for burial during the plague (endemic). It is not far from his own residence. His widow goes occasionally to look at him; his death is not to be mourned even by her, though she feels that it is not good to be alone.

'I and my family are all quite well. I continue to read daily to the people in the town, and at the pilgrims' resort, and as God gives me a word, I exhort, and beseech them to cast away their idols, repent of sin, and turn to God through Christ.'

"Feb. 8th, 1842.

'Dear Rev. Sir,

'Through your affectionate kindness I have re-

ceived a very long letter from you. The moment I saw it was your hand-writing I was filled with joy, and with my liver in my hand, I hastened to break the seal, and read as fast as the eye would run along the paper, hoping to learn that you had left England, and were on your way to India. Imagine my feelings on learning after reading over the whole, that you are just were you were. My heart trembled on its pivot, and I heaved a sigh!

'However, I was comforted by the intelligence of your returning health and the prospect of your return to us. I pray God to hasten you here. Rev. Sir, you bestowed much labour and much love among us that we might believe in Christ, and through his mediation, worship the true God and serve Him, and through the implanting of His love, and our stedfast continuance therein, we might continue to escape the snare of the devil, and remain stedfast among the children of God.

'Whoever among us have through the blessing of God, and the grace of the holy Spirit, reaped the fruit thereof, feel that compared with this, only heaven itself is superior. For such a gift we never can be sufficiently thankful either to God or to you; but you will receive the crown of glory from God, which is made glorious through the glory of Christ. Our present song of sadness is, that you are so far separated

from us; but of this we are well assured, that though absent in body you are ever present in spirit, so much so, that your letters and constant remembrance of us, like the undulating wave, lands us upon the island of comfort (hope).

'Your letter informs us of the affectionate interest the beloved and faithful in Christ kindly take in us and our welfare, for this we offer to God ten thousand thanks, that He puts such thoughts and feelings toward us into the hearts of His people, so that in prayer and labours, and in offerings of their own want they minister unto us that all India may possess the knowledge and the faith of Christ, and become heirs of eternal bliss. Hence it is that God continually showers down his blessings upon them, and makes them more and more faithful in labours of love. We earnestly pray that God may more exceedingly bless them in this their work and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, and enrich them in the gift and graces of His Holy Spirit, unto eternal life!

'The Lord Bishop has been here, as I think I told you in a former letter. The Rev. Mr. Pratt came with him. They brought a blessing on their feet: besides consecrating the Station Church and burial ground, he placed his blessed hands on the heads of many boys and girls, and called upon God for the descent

of the Holy Ghost on their souls. Oh! that the prayer of faith may prevail on their behalf. The Lord Bishop also preached himself in the Hindoostanee language to the congregation at Basharatpore. The Rev. Mr. Leupolt read prayers, after which the Bishop most affectionately blessed us and spoke words of comfort; to all he expressed himself overjoyed with what he saw, and felt a deep interest in the establishment.

'The following is the state of things here. All the boys are well. Many from among them have been married, and many more are about to be married. Daily prayers are conducted both among the boys and girls. I accompany the Rev. Mr. Menge every day into the town; we read, preach, and converse with the people. Many, very many hear the word with joy and approbation, and openly avow that the religion of Christ is superior to all; but the Holy Spirit not following up these convictions, fear and shame, and temporal loss, keep them back from confessing Christ. They hear, look, admire, and remain at a distance. Others are indifferent and unconcerned.

'This is the true state of things; when the Holy Spirit of God shall impregnate the word with His influential grace and carry it to the heart's centre with power, then fruit will appear unto eternal life. You will now know how to order your prayers for us.

May the blessing of God be with you and with us! May the Word of God have uninterrupted extension! May the glory of God be seen. May Satan's kingdom be soon destroyed. May Christ hasten His reign among us and among you.

'Poor Jarawan, the day after Christmas day, decamped from this world for glory. He died full of years, and there is good hope that through Christ he now inherits the inheritance.

'In conclusion, accept my dutiful and affectionate thanks, and salam (salutation), and that of my household, and kindly remember us all affectionately to the (baba log) children, who will I hope all come out as Missionaries.

'Yours, &c.

Charles Dass."

The History of the Gorruckpore Mission,

SINCE 1840.

Mr. Wilkinson's immediate successor was the late devoted, able, and energetic Secretary of the Calcutta Corresponding Committee, the Rev. Frederick Wybrow. He was in every respect a man of kindred spirit, and one well fitted for the laborious and important post of Missionary, Evangelist, and Pastor in the district of Gorruckpore. He joined the mission in 1840, shortly before Mr. Wilkinson's departure, and in a few months commenced preaching in Hindustani, having before that only been imperfectly acquainted with Bengali.

A brief sketch of his bright Christian career has been drawn up by his widow, with a preface by the Rev. R. Boswell,* above referred to. As there stated, Mr. Wybrow had not laboured more than six months before he caught the fatal jungle fever, from imprudently sleeping on the banks of the mission tank, and was a corpse in a few hours.

* Published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., London.

At that time about thirty acres of the farm were kept under cultivation by native Christian boys, who were accustomed to work in the early morning, then go to school till the afternoon, and then again engage in labour till sunset. The rearing of the sugar-cane had been introduced by Mr. W., but was given up in consequence of the depredations of the wild elephants. This amount of land, cultivated by the native Christian lads, was in addition to several hundred acres, cultivated by thirty Christian families.

After Mr. Wybrow's death, in December, 1840, the Rev. Messrs. Wendragle and J. P. Menge, from Basle, were appointed to the mission. Mr. Wendragle, after labouring with indifferent health and but partial success at the "Farm," where he resided, returned homeward, but died on board ship; and Mr. Menge was left alone in charge of the whole mission, including the "Farm" itself, and the European station, where, besides the Europeans, the native Christian teachers connected with the large boys' and girls' schools were located. Mr. Menge was ably seconded and supported by the native catechist above mentioned, Charles Dass, who has laboured most faithfully, and formed the connecting link between the various missionary pastors and the native flock collected in the wilderness by one and another of the ordained missionaries. Mr. Menge early adopted the plan of catechising the native Chris-

tians, in the week, upon the subject of the previous Sunday's sermon.

It does not appear that much further progress was for some time made, in bringing under cultivation the large tract of land secured by Mr. Wilkinson's exertions and Lord W. Bentinck's liberality. But until the late outbreak, the Christian village and adjacent farm was maintained in a flourishing condition under Mr. Menge's judicious superintendence, with the aid of a resident native catechist.

The writer can testify to the pleasure which he derived some years since, from a visit to this, his native place, in company with one now no more. The sight of the faithful missionary pastor, alone in a district as large as Scotland, surrounded by an intelligent, though humble congregation of native Christians, (whom he himself had the privilege of addressing, in the Church in the Wilderness), besides a smaller one in the station Church;—both these churches rising in the midst of missionary bungalows, (of which alas! but one was tenanted,) and surrounded by the large schools erected by Messrs. Bird and Tucker, and other active and philanthropic civil and military servants of the H. E. I. C.—the *coup d'œuil* of the pastor at the head of his little flocks, and the pretty bungalows and school houses, surrounded by the neat mud cottages and well-tended gardens and fields of the native Christians,

all reclaimed from a dense and pestiferous jungle, and the former redeemed from the still more fearful moral wilderness around:—this scene, with the beauty of the station, and the wild tropical scenery, (trying and dangerous though it is to European constitutions), altogether left an impression on the mind which time will never obliterate. Would that there were many more such scenes in India!

Mr. Menge's pastoral duties prevented his itinerating at first to the extent that he could have wished, and which the less advanced state of the mission in Mr. Wilkinson's time rendered more practicable. Still we gather from the Annual Reports of the Society, that besides preaching daily in the bazaars, Mr. Menge frequently visited the neighbouring Hindu and Mussulman shrines and Melâs, distributing tracts, besides orally disseminating the seeds of the blessed Gospel.

Thus in 1846, the missionary "Held many conversations on the subject of religion with the Mahommedans." He finds "that if *one* comes, he listens with much greater attention than if several are present." This of course arises from the inquisitorial system of priestly domination, in which they, in common with all false and superstitious religionists are held, and of which Popish countries can alone furnish any counterpart. Still "the Hindus," writes Mr. M., "are on the whole far more inclined to listen with pleasure

to the Gospel than the Mussulmans." In this year we read that Mr. Menge preached in thirty-eight different villages, and remarks, "I have found great simplicity in poor villagers, especially if removed from the corrupting influence of large towns."

With regard to the schools.—The English school, established in 1835, (after a meeting convened by the principal European and native inhabitants), in 1850 exceeded one hundred in number, and in 1852 the total number of children under education in the four schools in connection with the society, amounted to two hundred and sixty-five. Of these some fifteen or sixteen were girls belonging to the female girls' school, commenced by Mrs. Wilkinson in 1824, continued by Miss Bird, and carried on under the careful superintendence of Mrs. Menge. Although the ultimate success of missions is not to be measured entirely by the number of baptized converts, yet this is after all, the chief object of the missionary's aspirations. It is therefore interesting to note the various means which the Holy Spirit employs to bring about this great object. There is an interesting instance of this, effected through Mr. Menge's labours, and which originated (like that of the "Old Sheikh," the Mahommedan convert of Mr. Wilkinson's), in reading the Holy Scriptures, which opened his eyes to the sin of idolatry.

The case referred to, is that of Baldeo, a native doctor. A copy of the New Testament had been given him by a pious chaplain of the H. E. I. C., at Allahabad. For two years he attended the preaching of the missionary in the bazaar of the city, besides seeking frequent private interviews. His mother, wife, two brothers, and a servant who lived with him, were all brought to a knowledge of the truth, and apparently sincere conversion to the faith of the Gospel, and were baptized in the name of Jesus. This took place in 1851. Baldeo died shortly afterwards, and when visited on his death-bed by the missionary, and questioned by him as to the sufficiency of the hope that was in him, roused himself to reply, "Oh yes, with every breath I breathe, I breathe the holy name of Jesus."

Baldeo was a man of learning, and had commenced to write a poem in Hindui, in praise of his Saviour and the blessings of Christianity, when arrested by the cold hand of death. Nevertheless, "he being dead yet speaketh," for his brother, one of the fruits of his own conversion, is now a zealous preacher of the Gospel. His wife too proved an intelligent, enlightened Christian.

It was not long after this, (in 1852,) that a body of agriculturists who had till then "seen but not believed," convinced of the truth of Christianity, embraced the religion of Jesus, and settled on the farm at Basharat-

pore, which continued "prospering in every respect, and yielding a considerable surplus." This latter Mr. Menge expended in clearing fresh jungle, and extending the Christian village. This year he continued his itinerating preaching tours, and was in consequence visited by a considerable number of persons, especially Zemindars (landowners) and Pundits in the neighbourhood. In fact, for weeks in succession, he had more than forty visitors each week. So mightily had the seed of the Word of God, sown by Mr. Menge, and his predecessor, Mr. Wilkinson, already begun to "grow and prevail."

The congregation now amounted to two hundred and seventeen souls, and the children under education in the several schools and orphan institutions exceeded three hundred. Still it may be asked, "What are they among so many," or, as Mr. M. truly and affectingly remarks, "I leave the committee to judge what permanent impression can be made on a district which contains two and a half millions of inhabitants, by *one* missionary of the cross."

At the commencement of the year, this station was visited by Archdeacon Pratt, who reports, "At Gorruckpore and in the district around, many respectable natives are coming in to the missionary from week to week, and from day to day, saying, they have heard him preaching in their villages, or have heard others

speaking of him, and enquiring the way of God more perfectly." Again at the close of the year, the station was visited by the Rev. G. G. Cuthbert, secretary to the Calcutta Corresponding Committee, who bears testimony to the "thriving and pleasing aspect" of the mission, and "the spirit of enquiry" which still appeared to continue.

But meanwhile the devoted missionary's health had given way, after nearly twelve years of almost unintermitted labours, and two successors had been appointed,—the Rev. Messrs. Kreiss from Agra and Rev. H. Stern from Benares. The former was, after eighteen months' labours "suddenly cut down by death in June, 1855; consequently the whole care of the mission has ever since rested upon one missionary (the Rev. H. Stern)," then a young unmarried man, who has, however, proved himself no stripling in the discharge of duties, and the endurance of trials, to say the least, second to none experienced by his predecessors. With the aid of two experienced native catechists, one of whom conducted daily service at the "farm," whilst the other assisted at the station, "the work," writes Mr. S., "has been carried on as usual. Three adult Hindus were added during the year to the Church of Christ, and some inquirers are constantly coming in."

In December, 1855, the English school, containing some two hundred and thirty boys, was examined by

his Honour, the late Mr. Colvin, Lieut. Governor, N. W. P., who distributed the prizes. In this school Persian and Hindi as well as English are the languages taught; and at the previous examination, as on the present occasion, great credit was given to the teachers and superintendent by the civil and military officers, who kindly examined the boys. His Honour also visited Basharatpore, and attended divine service there (in the Church in the Wilderness,) with the native Christians, "kneeling side by side with them to worship God in His sanctuary, and joining with them in the same responses of our beautiful liturgy." *

Shortly before, another school, erected by the magistrate, Mr. Paterson, had been made over to the Church Missionary Society. It was already filled with one hundred boys.

During the year 1855, the late lamented Bishop of Calcutta visited the Gorruckpore mission, and was met by about twenty native Christian families at the entrance to the church, where they were addressed by his Lordship, Mr. Stern interpreting. After that, they entered the village, and paid a few visits to the Christians' houses, (which seemed though humble and poor, in good order,) with their little stores of grain

* He has now (it is firmly hoped), exchanged the communion of saints on earth for that of the Church Triumphant above.

and plots of land close by; Mr. Stern observes, "the farm appeared well cultivated and very fertile, though needing effective superintendence, with the aid of which they would soon form a thriving community, and an example to others." The Christian Girls' School was examined, and found to have improved. The Large Boys' School also showed a decided advance since 1854. Most of the native Christian boys were taught with the Hindus and Mahommedans in the school.

But this fair and favoured spot was soon to be marred and devastated by the ruthless hands of fiends in human form, who, with the name of religion on their lips, and under the pretext of a thousand imaginary, and some few real grievances, let loose the hell hounds of lust, rapine, and bloodshed over this and many another scene of British and missionary enterprize. Things went on much the same during the ensuing year. The solitary missionary held on his quiet yet steady course of progress, "Not able to relate great success, yet not discouraged." But early in the following year, 1857, the distant sounds of the impending storm became louder and more threatening, till all at once it burst upon them with terrific violence.

Mr. Stern thus writes, January 10th, 1858, "This time I am spared the task of relating in detail what we have been doing,—our experiences, our successes, our failures; and indeed this may well be dispensed with,

for much of what we have been doing, and we hope all that was unprofitable and sinful, has been buried beneath the ruins of India as it was. Futurity only will reveal India as it will be, for most assuredly she will go forth out of this fearful struggle between Heathenism and Mahommedanism on the one hand, and Christianity on the other, better prepared to receive the Gospel, which she has so long and so obstinately rejected.

"Up to the 13th of August, the various branches of the mission were carried on as usual. We considered it a special cause for thanksgiving, that notwithstanding the great and many dangers to which we were continually exposed, church service and school were carried on without interruption up to the very day before we were called upon by the authorities to quit the station. It was," he proceeds, "a very sad sight, thus in one long procession to leave the station (in charge of the Goorkhas), and I could not help thinking of king David, when he, with his nobles, fled from his son Absalom." The schools were closed the day before, and placed with the whole mission, including Basharatpore, the farm, and all the native Christians, under the care of the friendly Hindu Rajah of Gopalpur. Some few accompanied the Europeans as servants; the rest, one hundred and sixty-two in number, were left to the guardian care of "that Great

Shepherd of the Sheep," by whose loving-kindness they had been, after so many years of labour, and prayers, and tears, gathered together in this dark land."

Mr. S's last visit to the village of "glad tidings," was a sad one. It might rather have been called the village of "weeping." The villagers assembled in the house of the catechist, where he read the 71st Psalm and prayed, commending them to Him in whom they had believed.

Thus was the faithful missionary fain to leave his "few sheep in the wilderness." But his prayers were not unanswered, for though they were soon scattered and had to flee from the fold, rather than submit to the demands of the Mussulmans that they should renounce their religion,—the friendly Rajah having been deposed by these intruders, they were, with the exception of one of the native catechists, (a convert of Mr. W's), spared the horrors of a massacre. They left Basharatpore after enduring for two months the persecutions of their infidel oppressors, on the 20th of October, 1857. After breaking up into small parties, and running the gauntlet of robbers and plunderers of all descriptions, they escaped with "their lives for a prey," and in a state of extreme destitution, to Aligunje, near Chupra, one hundred and forty-one in number. Here, after some few weeks, they were once more joined by their afflicted yet joyful pastor;

and shortly after, on the re-occupation of Gorruckpore by the Goorkhars, (who had been compelled to leave it on proceeding to protect Juanpore), the little flock, somewhat reduced in numbers, yet praising God for their wonderful preservation, returned with its shepherd to their ruined and desolate abodes. Their immediate wants had been meanwhile liberally met by the Relief Fund Committee.

In conclusion, we would most heartily echo the prayer of one, to whom, as well as to her late husband, the Church of Christ owes much,* that "after peace and quiet are restored to the disturbed provinces, by God's blessing on the British arms, Basharatpore will become more emphatically than ever a 'town of joy,' and its 'Church in the Wilderness' will be surrounded by a fruitful field."

* The widow of the late Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht, in her "Missionary Sketches in North India." Nisbet & Co.

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